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LEADING THE BLIND—A SKETCH AT MALINES, BELGIUM.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1876.

NEW STORY BY GEORGE ELIOT.

☞ *A new Serial Story by this admired and popular author will begin in the February Number of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *under the title of*

"DANIEL DERONDA."

It is a story of English life, and it will appear in eight monthly parts. The title of Book I. of the story is "THE SPOILED CHILD."

NEW SERIAL STORY BY F. W. ROBINSON.

☞ *In* HARPER'S BAZAR *for January 29 will be found the opening chapters of a new and deeply interesting Serial Story, entitled*

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Author of "Poor Humanity," "Second-Cousin Sarah," etc., etc.

This story promises to be one of MR. ROBINSON'S *best productions. We commend it to the attention of our readers.*

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains the opening chapters of a thrilling Temperance Story, entitled*

"THE DEVIL'S CHAIN."

BY EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.,

Author of "Ginx's Baby," etc.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

DEMOCRACY AND REFORM.

THE friends and brethren who, disgusted with Republican failure to reform the system of civil service appointments, have affected to look to the Democrats as the true reformers, are in an exceedingly ridiculous position. That they really believed that any serious movement for such reform would proceed from the party of Tammany Hall, is not to be supposed. The founder of the Democratic party, as we know it, was ANDREW JACKSON; and ANDREW JACKSON was the author of the present despotically partisan civil service system, which has been always and every where enforced by the Democratic party. HARRISON merely followed the precedent of JACKSON, and now the system has become so intrenched in party conviction that a proposition to change the practice and revert to patriotism and common-sense is derided as an amusingly visionary folly. The close of the war presented three very serious facts to the attention of the country. The enormous expansion of the civil service, and consequently of the executive power; the great extravagance and corruption in the service; and the disproportionate and illicit advantage of the party in power. But the Republican party, then in power, added to its other great titles to national gratitude a proposition to adopt the most reasonable, radical, and thorough reform of abuses in the government. The President showed his sympathy, but apparently failed to comprehend the extent and character of the evil and the scope of the reform, and totally miscalculated his power to withstand the force of party pressure and of his own party spirit and personal predilection.

Yet so evident was the evil, and so general was believed to be the desire of reform among the better class of voters, that, although the managing politicians sneered, and Republican leaders like Mr. CARPENTER, Mr. CHANDLER, Mr. CAMERON, and General BUTLER openly scoffed and opposed, each party in its national platform at the last election, in 1872, demanded this reform. It was, indeed, the spring of the Cincinnati movement, and was the main plank in the Cincinnati and Baltimore platforms. The Republican effort failed. Congress opposed it; and the President, whose wishes in the matter were unquestionably sincere, not having the advantage of a clear mastery of the subject, and a consequent firm resolution to succeed, as he succeeded at Vicksburg and Richmond, finally surrendered and entirely relinquished the effort. He thus lost an immense opportunity. He had the chance, upon his re-election, thoroughly to purify the government that he had saved—the chance to accomplish more for radical administrative reform than had ever been attempted. But the skillful and subtle sophistry that it was really a device of the enemy, and that, if he persisted, he would destroy his own party, which was the sole guarantee of national union and safety, prevailed over his wishes, and to the deep regret and disappointment of the most patriotic and practical Republicans, and to the great joy of the party peddlers and bummers and brokers and traders, who seemed last year nearly to have ruined the party, the pledge of the platform was broken, and the executive order of the President was nullified and made ridiculous.

This failure was a signal triumph for the Democratic party, and many of the technically "independent" friends of civil service reform decided that the only way to secure it was to defeat the Republicans at all hazards. To do this was, of course, to bring in the Democrats. And they had certainly made the finest professions. They had said at Baltimore, in the very words of the Cincinnati platform:

> "We therefore regard such thorough reforms of the civil service as one of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only valid claim to public employment; that the offices of the government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage; and that public station become again a post of honor."

This was and is the Democratic platform upon the subject. The party asked for support upon this ground. It deliberately renounced its Jacksonian doctrine, declared and defended in the Senate by Mr. MARCY, that to the victor belong the spoils. It solemnly announced to the country—not in terms, but by necessary implication and with undoubted intent to be so understood—that should it recover power, capable and honest Republicans in subordinate positions would be retained. Its candidate, indeed, "hedged." He said that if he succeeded in building his house, he should not forget those who helped him raise it. That was Mr. GREELEY'S version of Mr. MARCY'S famous phrase. But it meant exactly the same thing. The country upon this point preferred, however, to trust General GRANT and the party which had done something, rather than Mr. GREELEY and the faithful disciples of ANDREW JACKSON. The country was disappointed, and in the election of last year this disappointment was one of the main elements that caused the Democratic success.

But if the Republicans have broken their pledge, how is it with the Democrats? In what single State where they were victorious last year, and in regard to what solitary office, have they been faithful to their demand that arbitrary favoritism and patronage should not control appointments? And where and how have they illustrated the sincerity of their denunciation that the civil service "has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition and an object of selfish greed?" Notoriously in the States which they control they have eagerly grasped at official "plunder" as the prize of victory. They have shown that JACKSON and MARCY, not the last solemn declarations of the party, absolutely control its practice. And while this is uniformly true in the States, it is ludicrously true of the House of Congress, which the Democrats command. There has been a "clean sweep." From the highest to the lowest position, from the Clerk's deputies to the pages on the floor, every Republican incumbent, Union soldiers disabled and impoverished in the war, with every man and boy in every place, have been shot out like rubbish, that Democrats may be put in. It has been a wild and desperate scramble, recalling in its degree the scenes upon the inauguration of JACKSON, of which Mr. PARTON has given so vivid an account. We are certainly not surprised. It is what every intelligent person expected. It is but a faint foreshowing of the disgraceful frenzy for place that would follow a Democratic success in the election of this year. But where is the reform? Where is the reason for the assertion that the Republicans must be beaten this year in order to secure purification of the civil service system? Where, except in the Baltimore platform, the adoption of which was an open trick that failed after all, and in Democratic gibes at the Republican President for his failure—where is the least sign of a reason for supposing, not that the Democratic party, but that any conspicuous Democratic leader, is in favor of the reform? Governor TILDEN is the sole known specimen of a Democratic reformer; and when or where has the Governor ever said one word or done one act to show that he does not accept to the utmost the doctrine of the Regency in which he was politically bred, that to the victor belong the spoils? In the Congressional debates upon Mr. JENCKES'S bills, what Democrat sustained him or them or the principle involved? In the city of New York, where the Democratic party is always in power, it is the most laughable of jests to inquire whether it has ever professed or practiced its Baltimore doctrine; and can the human imagination conceive any thing more ludicrous than a pretense that it would do so? Those, therefore, who assert that the Republican party must be defeated in order to secure measures which will do more than any thing else to correct abuses of administration, merely say that they intend to support a party which originally introduced the great abuse of all, and has always steadily maintained it, and which at this moment illustrates its unfaltering devotion to the abuse in the "reformed" Democratic House of Representatives.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

IF the House shall request that the correspondence with the Spanish Government in regard to Cuba be laid before it, we venture to believe that the sagacity, skill, and patriotic good sense of the Secretary of State will again be made agreeably evident to the country. Mr. FISH is a gentleman so quiet and unostentatious in his efficiency, as little given to speech-making as the President, and the duties of his department are in a sense so private, that some of the most effective, valuable, and meritorious services of the Administration have been the least observed and applauded. Few of our Secretaries of State have been called to deal with more difficult and important questions. The two most conspicuous are those of our relations with England and with Spain. The former, General GRANT'S Administration inherited from that of ANDREW JOHNSON, and the latter began with the Administration itself. The transfer of the negotiation with England from London to Washington, the joint commission, the Treaty of Washington, the delicate and difficult correspondence in regard to the questions to be settled at Geneva, the Geneva Tribunal, the happy settlement, are all events of the first importance to the country, and were all accomplished under the official leadership of Mr. FISH.

The Cuban difficulty has been prolonged and protean, but upon every occasion the Secretary has been fully equal to the necessity, quietly resisting the factitious enthusiasm secretly fostered by Cuban bond-holders, and tranquilly baffling the efforts of General SICKLES to entangle him. Could the complete history of this subject for the last eight years be known, the firmness and wisdom of the Secretary in maintaining both the peace and honor of the United States would commend him still more closely to the confidence and regard of the country. And all this service has been performed, as we said, unostentatiously, without the least self-seeking or attempt to make political capital. It is not too much to say that very much of the confidence that has been reposed in the Administration has been due to the presence in it of Mr. FISH as Secretary of State. Whenever questions have arisen upon which the party feeling itself was divided, as last year in the Louisiana affair, Mr. FISH has been understood to sympathize with the wiser view, and to have exercised a moderating and restraining influence. By temperament and conviction and long practical experience in politics and administration he is more prudent than precipitate; but his masterly good sense preserves the happy mean, and saves him from a dull and sluggish conservatism.

Four years ago, when he had decided to resign, Republicans of every shade of opinion united in requesting him to remain; and few public men have received more gratifying evidence of the regard in which they were held by their immediate and official associates, the daily and constant, and naturally somewhat jealous, observers of their fidelity and ability. Mr. FISH has been always a firm party man, although not conspicuous as a Republican leader before his appointment to the State Department. This was not owing to a late choice of sides, for while Mr. WINTHROP, Mr. CHOATE, Mr. GRANGER, and others of his old political associates were maintaining a futile Whiggery or joining the Democrats, Mr. FISH saw that the Republican party was the hope of American liberty, and declared for FREMONT. His disinclination to public speaking also kept him in comparative retirement. But there was never any question of his position, nor any doubt of his efficient sympathy. For some time withdrawn from public life, the summons to the head of General GRANT'S cabinet was a surprise to many persons who knew neither the man nor his career, and who thought that he had not the kind of party prominence that entitled him to such a distinction. We doubt, however, if there is now any Republican or any Democrat in the country who thinks that General GRANT could have chosen more wisely.

New York is said to be rich in Republican candidates for the Presidency. And if the purest personal character, sagacity and patriotism proved by long and most efficient public service, singular judgment, intelligence, political experience, calmness of temperament, tact, and modesty are qualities desirable in that great office, among the many eminent and excellent candidates who have been mentioned, Mr. FISH would certainly seem not to be the least.

THE FIRST GUN.

THE New Hampshire Republican Convention was the first of the Centennial year, and its declarations strike the key-note to which the other conventions will respond. The president, Hon. O. C. MOORE, of Nashua, made an admirable speech. Alluding to the successive great steps of progress since the success of the Republicans sixteen years ago, he said: "The Democratic party has at first opposed, been whipped, and then unconditionally surrendered. And this in the party that says the Republican is a party of the past, and should now give way to the fresh and invincible Democratic party to carry this country forward to its lofty destinies. If the Republican party can not meet the new demands, it ought to give way to a new party." Mr. MOORE mentioned as those demands the maintenance of the spirit as well as the letter of the constitutional amendments; effectual measures to secure specie payments; retrenchment and economy and strict accountability in administration; the elevation of the civil service; and free, unsectarian, compulsory common-school education.

The platform is unequivocal, demanding a just, generous, and forbearing policy toward the late foes of the Union, a tariff for revenue the least burdensome to home industry, and a currency redeemable in coin at the earliest moment. It accepts as conclusive the President's declaration that he is not a candidate for renomination, and reaffirms "unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third term," commends the Administration, approves the BLAINE amendment, earnestly desires a true reconciliation with the Southern brethren, and abhors the conduct of the Democratic House in turning out Union veterans from office and filling their places with those whose only claim upon Democrats is that they fought against the Union. These are all declarations and demands which Republicans every where will most cordially approve, and they show the issues upon which the national election of this year will be contested. We congratulate the New Hampshire Republicans that they have spoken so plainly. The conflict—unless some fatal mistake which we do not anticipate is made—will be between the two parties, and will turn upon the question which of them will be the more likely to secure equal rights in the Southern States, a sound financial policy, a purgation of the civil service, and confidence in the inviolability of the school system. With a candidate whose character and career are the pledge to the party and the country that these ends will be honestly and sagaciously and vigorously pursued—a candidate who will win to the hearty support of the party all who really prefer to co-operate with it rather than to trust the chances of a Democratic restoration—the success of the Republicans in the Centennial year, whose most glorious memory is the original declaration of the fundamental principle of the party, will be unquestionable and overwhelming.

JESUITISM.

THE *Catholic World* makes an ingenious perversion of the passage in the President's speech at Des Moines last autumn relating to the schools, and it is a fair illustration of that treatment of the truth which is known as Jesuitism. That word would never have acquired its familiar significance had not clerical reasoning so often lacked candor and simplicity, and shown a stronger desire of plausibility than of truth. The President said at Des Moines, and he substantially repeats the remark in his annual Message, "Resolve that neither State nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child growing up in the land an opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical dogmas." The meaning of this is perfectly plain. It is very easy to misrepresent, but not sincerely to misunderstand it. The President says, and evidently means, that there shall be no kind of religious teaching in the public schools. He states by implication what has been so often asserted, that the family and the Sunday-school are the places for such instruction, and that it is not properly a part of that

"good common-school education" for which citizens of all Christian sects and of no sects, Hebrews, atheists, and sun-worshipers, if there were any among us, are equally taxed. Probably nobody who read the speech doubted what the President meant.

The *Catholic World*, which holds that the State has no right "to force the education of their children" out of the hands of parents, says that it agrees with the President that not one dollar should be paid for the support of pagan schools "in which God is ignored." That is to say, a school in which the existence of God is not taught or religious instruction given is a pagan school; the free public school, without religious instruction, is pagan; therefore taxation for its support is taxation for a pagan school. The *Catholic World* complains that sectarian instruction is given in the schools because a version of the Bible which it does not approve is sometimes read in them. Very well, is the reply; let us, then, have no religious instruction in the schools of any kind whatever. "Heavens!" cries the *Catholic World*, "that makes the schools pagan, and we are as hostile to pagan as to sectarian schools." The *Catholic World* says that the complaint of its fellow-churchmen is that the State does now support sectarian, pagan, and atheistic schools. How does it sustain the charge? By saying that when the Protestant Bible is read in the school, the school is sectarian; and when it is not read, and no religious instruction is given, the school is pagan and atheistic. Therefore, when the President declares that the State ought not to support schools in which sectarian, pagan, or atheistic dogmas are taught, the *Catholic World* insists that he declares against the present common-school system, and that it agrees with him.

The incautious reader, who may wonder at this extraordinary syllogism and not perceive the point of the fallacy, will see, upon reflection, that the trick of the *Catholic World* is to assume that not to teach the existence of God in the public school is to deny it. From that assumption it proceeds very easily to the conclusion that such an omission is paganism, or a positive support or inculcation of atheism. The same process would show that the teaching of metallurgy in the Columbia School of Mines, or of chemistry in any college, is pagan, because it is not accompanied with religious instruction. It would also show that daily business in every workshop and office in the country is atheistic and irreligious if it is not opened with reading the Bible, or if no religious exercise takes place during the day. Of course the *Catholic World* does not agree with the known sentiments of the President, and of course it knows that it does not. Its purpose is to show that the President uses words so loosely as to say precisely what he does not mean. But it can accomplish its object only by the preposterous assumption that not to do one thing is necessarily to do the very reverse. Its argument is that not to teach that two and two make four is to teach that they make nothing.

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

THE New York *Times* of the 5th of January, 1876, in the course of a lively squib in regard to *Harper's Weekly* and the third term, says:

"The editor now asks how many of the Republican papers which have declared themselves against the third-term idea 'would oppose the regular Republican nomination.' As a preliminary step toward settling that question, we beg leave to suggest that this particular editor should first answer it himself. What course would *Harper's Weekly* pursue under the circumstances supposed? Would that paper give its support to the Democratic candidate? Before claiming the right to cross-examine other journals on this point, it is only fair and proper that *Harper's Weekly* should tell us plainly what it would do itself should the much-dreaded issue ever come before us in a practical shape."

Harper's Weekly has long ago and in the plainest terms defined its position upon the subject. Indeed, as it has constantly asserted that the objection to a third term is not personal to General GRANT, but founded upon the fact that it involved the safety of the government itself, it seems rather superfluous to say that, if the attempt were practically made, the *Weekly* would not support a scheme which would be a fatal blow to our free republican institutions. In what way it would be a blow we have already stated. We have also referred to the grounds of the apprehension upon the subject which is felt by many of the stanchest Republicans in the country; and the extent of that feeling is shown by the emphatic and reiterated declarations of the chief Republican Conventions. We have regretted that since the President's letter has not seemed conclusive to many of his best friends, he has not seen fit to settle the question definitively. We now add that many of those very friends, who think that the discussion of the subject is wholly superfluous, and even insulting to the President, as seeming to throw doubt upon his word, do not hesitate to say that he could not honorably accept a renomination, because he knows and the country knows that the emergency which he mentioned as the condition of a possible acceptance upon his part does not exist and will not exist, and that he distinctly stated that he did not expect it to arise. Yet a subject which the party Conventions every where are scrupulously careful to mention is not one to be sneered aside as of no practical importance. If the attempt at renomination fails, it will not be because there has been no such purpose, but because its folly and peril have been exposed. We have never regarded the question as one of party. It is not one of expediency, but of principle, and we have never had any reason or wish to conceal our position, although we have never claimed any right, as the *Times* alleges, to cross-examine other journals. On the 28th of November, 1874, *Harper's Weekly* said:

"The most distinguished and honored Republican editor in the United States [WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT] has already announced that his journal would not support General GRANT for a third term. We believe that he speaks for the best Republican press of the country. Persistence in the project, as we said many months ago, would rend the Republican party asunder. It might, indeed, force some good men to consider which would be the greater evil, a third term or a Democratic administration. But they would be very few. The Republican press, which is substantially a unit upon the question, should speak out plainly, and let it be known that under no circumstances now conceivable would it support the President for a third term. Such a proposition not only violates one of the most cherished political traditions of the country, but with the present vast executive patronage it would justly be considered the beginning of a subversion of the government, and would in itself present an issue taking precedence of every other. Should such a frantic attempt be made, we should be found by the side of the leader of whom we speak, opposing to the end a candidate so nominated."

"MILD INTIMIDATION."

IN a late letter to the *Herald*, in which he speaks very plainly, as a Methodist, of Bishop HAVEN and his recent speech, Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF says, alluding to the State of Georgia, "I have the word of United States officers, strong Republicans, that there is no political crime in that State; I have the word of Northern missionaries, laboring entirely among the colored people, that the period of violence is past, and that public opinion, even in the backwoods counties, is now against it." Mr. NORDHOFF, as we have hitherto remarked, is one of the most valuable witnesses as to the Southern situation that we have had, for he adds to a genuine sympathy with the colored population an unusual faculty of observation and great candor of judgment. Yet the remark that we have quoted shows how very difficult it is to know precisely the situation in those States. Republican officers and Northern missionaries think that the era of violence is past in Georgia; but not, as we shall show, that of injustice and outrageous oppression. It is conceded that in the Mississippi election, into which Mr. MORTON proposes to inquire, there was "mild intimidation." That is euphemistic for preventing colored voters from voting, and the method of producing the same result in Georgia is worth attention.

In speaking last summer of Mr. NORDHOFF's account of Georgia, we called attention to two facts as showing the actual situation: the practical exclusion of colored citizens from juries, and the immense exodus of the same class from the State. Georgia is constantly cited as the proof of the success of Democratic rule in the Southern States. But two such facts show that for one part of the population, at least, it is no Paradise. Order reigned in Warsaw, but the Poles were oppressed notwithstanding. "Violence" may be passive as well as active. A voter shot or harried by the Ku-Klux is treated with violence. But a voter intentionally prevented by a quiet crowd from voting is also violently restrained. In the county of Chatham, in Georgia, which includes the city of Savannah, there are 41,279 inhabitants, and more than 10,500 voters. In order that they may vote quietly, and that, so far as practicable, every chance of trouble may be removed, there should be several voting precincts. In Baltimore there are eighty polling places, an average of one to 750 voters. In Augusta, Georgia, there are four, or one polling place to every 650 voters. In Philadelphia there is one to every 300 voters, and in New York the proportion is about the same. But in Savannah, in the county of Chatham, in Georgia, where there are 2000 more colored voters than white, a Democratic ordinance requires that more than 10,000 votes shall be deposited at one place within the voting hours of the day.

The purpose of such a plan is evident. The country vote of the county is chiefly colored. In order to vote, large numbers of colored voters must lose their day's work and come from one to fifteen miles to the polling place, which is the court-house in Savannah. It is simply impossible, with such an arrangement, that the whole vote, or any considerable portion of it, can be polled; and the arrangement is designed to reduce the colored vote. This is not the violence of the Ku-Klux or of the White League, but it is practically violence, and a virtual disfranchisement of citizens. And this is, of course, the work of Democrats. Such also is the exclusion of the colored citizens from the jury lists. Both facts reveal the feeling from which, inevitably, constant and innumerable oppressions spring. One thing, and one only, holds this spirit in check. That is the national supremacy of the Republicans. With a Democratic restoration the "mild intimidation" would tend to become as absolute as the "patriarchal" authority of slavery.

A SMALL AND EASY CHARITY.

WE have heretofore mentioned the request of the State Charities Aid Association for the contribution of old magazines and illustrated papers and books for the use of the friendless inmates of hospitals and other public institutions. The demand for such reading is greater than the society is able to supply; yet many a house is full of the very thing which is so earnestly desired. The pleasure and solace which a very little care upon the part of our readers would afford to hundreds and thousands of the destitute and suffering are indescribable. And as we are pleasantly assured that old numbers of *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly* and *Bazar* are especially welcome, we appeal to our readers who have a store of them that they will either send them to the rooms of the association, No. 52 East Twentieth Street, or send a postal card to the same address, stating where such packages may be sent for. In the Grand Central Dépôt and elsewhere there are boxes where travelers, having looked through their papers and magazines, may deposit them for the refreshment of those who would otherwise be condemned to hopeless idleness. It is a little charity, but "small service is true service while it lasts," and the opening of the new year is a fitting time to begin so good a work.

PERSONAL.

MR. BANCROFT, the historian, is now in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He entered college at the early age of thirteen, and graduated four years later with the second honors of his class. His first publication was a volume of poems in 1823. Since then his life has been given mainly to historical works, with occasional incursions into politics, having been a cabinet minister and twice a foreign minister. He is a good liver, and his dinners are noted for good viands and rare wines, but he is temperate and moderate in every way. He has one of the most valuable and extensive private libraries in the world, his house on H Street being literally packed with books, pamphlets, and papers. There are about 20,000 volumes in all, comprising works in all languages, of all eras, of all branches of literature and science, from his well-thumbed HOMER to DRAPER's last. Mr. BANCROFT's library is his own selection, and in no collection of the size are there so few works that are obsolete or merely ornamental. He is quite fastidious in regard to his bindings, which are of the richer materials and in exquisite taste. One of Mr. B.'s peculiarities is his habit of clipping newspapers. He is a great newspaper reader, and scarcely ever finishes one without finding something in its columns worthy of a place in his scrap-book. His cyclopedias are mammoth collections of newspaper articles, which are pasted in between the leaves under the topics to which they refer.

—Our genial and accomplished friend, Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, has compiled an accurate and complete list of fictitious names in British and American literature, based upon a similar but less accurate list which appeared last year in the London *Bookseller*. Dr. MACKENZIE, who is known to be one of the best-informed of men in all branches of literature, introduces his catalogue, which has been published in *The Proof Sheet*, with an entertaining little essay on pseudonyms, containing much valuable information in a small space. The list is printed in three parallel columns, giving in the first the fictitious name in alphabetical order, in the second the real name, and in the third the author's representative work.

—A very interesting paper appeared in the January number of *Harper's Magazine* on belfry chimes. Among the chimes recently constructed, and not mentioned in this paper, is that presented to the church (St. Luke's) connected with the Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Darien, Connecticut, by Colonel BENJAMIN FITCH, who built the Home. This consists of eight bells, with a weight of 9000 pounds, and it is said to surpass in sweetness of tone any of our metropolitan chimes. Mr. FITCH is a native New Yorker. The chapel which he built near the Orphans' Home (in memory of his mother) contains a large number of paintings by the old masters and by some of the most distinguished modern artists.

—The Rev. Dr. GEORGE R. CROOKS is writing the life of Rev. Dr. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, an admirable preacher, and one of the most accomplished scholars of his time.

—ALEXANDER MITCHELL, of Milwaukee, is doubtless the wealthiest man in the Northwest. His property is estimated at $10,000,000. He is a hale, hearty, unpretending gentleman, about sixty years of age, well informed, and enjoys the highest personal popularity and esteem. He is the owner of the Western Union Railroad, running from Racine to Rock Island, 197 miles, and has long been the controlling spirit of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. He went to Milwaukee when it was a village, as the agent of GEORGE SMITH, a banker of Chicago, and took large contracts in the railways which reached the Territory of Wisconsin about 1849–50. He established a bank of issue on the basis of a marine and fire insurance company, and almost monopolized the currency of Wisconsin and the Northwest until the formation of the national banks. Living in a handsome villa on the high grounds of Milwaukee, half a mile back from the river which divides the city, he spends his leisure in society and reading, having sturdy Scotch convictions, and he has repeatedly enjoyed the confidence of his party by representing Milwaukee in Congress, and he would have been the Senator from the State had a Democrat prevailed as successor to Senator CARPENTER.

—Hon. JAMES B. SHERIDAN, who recently took his seat as a Judge of the Marine Court of this city, is one of the most expert stenographers in the country, and is, moreover, the first member of that profession who has ever been elevated to the bench in this country or abroad. The judge brings to his new position considerable experience as a lawyer, and has frequently been designated by the Supreme and Superior courts as referee in cases of importance. He is a gentleman of culture and of spotless reputation.

—A young lawyer from Virginia took occasion a few days since to air his eloquence and his views before the United States Supreme Court at Washington. It was a case in which the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was a party. The young pleader remarked: "If it please your honors, this is a most important case. Grand, because it is great; intricate, because it is complicated; far-reaching, because there is much of it; and astonishing, because of its marvelous revelations. My clients, your honors, have been most grievously wronged, and if so, and such be the case, Virginia, the great State of Virginia, the mother of Presidents and the father of all loveliness, will be the recipient of gross injustice.' Can we submit to it as honorable men, as public-spirited citizens, as God-fearing members of the human race? Your honors, I ask you candidly, can we submit to it?" Before the orator could reel off any more of this sort of thing, Chief Justice WAITE, after metaphorically taking his eye in his hand and throwing it at the orator, interrupted him in the most quiet and good-humored way imaginable, and said, "The gentleman must remember that we are here to listen to constitutional argument, and not for the purpose of having the counsel appeal to the bones of our forefathers, or build monuments with rhetoric."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS re-assembled, after the holiday recess, on the 5th. A large number of bills were introduced in both Houses, but nothing of importance was consummated. Senator Morrill introduced a bill making further provision for the resumption of specie payments. Referred to Finance Committee. Representative Fort (Republican), of Illinois, offered a resolution that in filling subordinate places in the House, preference should be given to Union soldiers over Confederates. Referred, on motion of Mr. Wood, to the Centennial Committee. On motion of Mr. Harrison, it was resolved that in these appointments the Jeffersonian test of honesty, faithfulness, and capability only should be applied.—On the 6th, the House Committee on Centennial reported unanimously in favor of an appropriation of $1,500,000. Representative Blaine offered a substitute for the Randall Amnesty Bill. The latter restores every body unconditionally to citizenship. Mr. Blaine proposes the restoration of all, with the exception of Jefferson Davis, who are willing to take an oath of future allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. Ordered printed. The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections presented two reports on the subject of electing a President *pro tem.* of the Senate. They were unanimous on the point that the President *pro tem.* is an officer of the Senate, the same as the Clerk or Sergeant-at-arms, and may be elected at one term and serve into a new one without a re-election if the Vice-President does not appear, and a majority report that the Senate may remove him at any time and elect another, no matter whether the Vice-President appears or not. A minority, Messrs. Cooper and Merrimon (Democrats), differ from the majority as to the right to re-elect, and say that after the President *pro tem.* has been elected at one session, if the Vice-President for any reason fails to appear at the next, the Senate has no power to change the previously elected President, and that he is the presiding officer until the Vice-President appears. The committee say, in effect, that Mr. Ferry is the President *pro tem.*, and may or may not be continued in the office, as the Senate wills.—On the 7th, the Senate confirmed the appointment of G. H. Seward, minister to China, and Ayres P. Merrill, minister to Belgium.

The New Hampshire Republican State Convention met at Concord on the 5th, and nominated Hon. P. C. Cheney, of Manchester, for Governor. One of the resolutions adopted was as follows: "Regarding as conclusive the President's declaration that he is not a candidate for renomination, and with profoundest gratitude for his patriotic services in both military and civil life, we re-affirm our unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third term."

The New York State Legislature met on the 4th. James W. Husted, of Westchester, was elected Speaker by a vote of 70 against 56 for R. U. Sherman. After the reading of the Governor's Message in the Senate, Mr. Woodin introduced a bill to repeal the Gray Nuns Act of the last session. On the 5th, bills were introduced in the Assembly reorganizing the government of the city of New York and amending the charter of the city of Brooklyn. The Assembly standing committees were announced on the 6th.

In the Ohio Legislature, on the 3d, three bills were introduced to repeal the Geghan law, and one to provide for the taxation of church property.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LORD LYTTON has been appointed Viceroy of India, in place of Lord Northbrook, who has resigned.

Late advices from Tafalla, Spain, state that several Carlist officers and soldiers have been shot at Estella for a conspiracy against Don Carlos.

Sir Anthony Rothschild, Bart., died in London on the 5th, aged sixty-six years.

Another English training ship, the *Warspite*, in the employ of the Marine Society for the instruction of destitute boys, was burned in the Thames River on the 3d. No lives were lost.

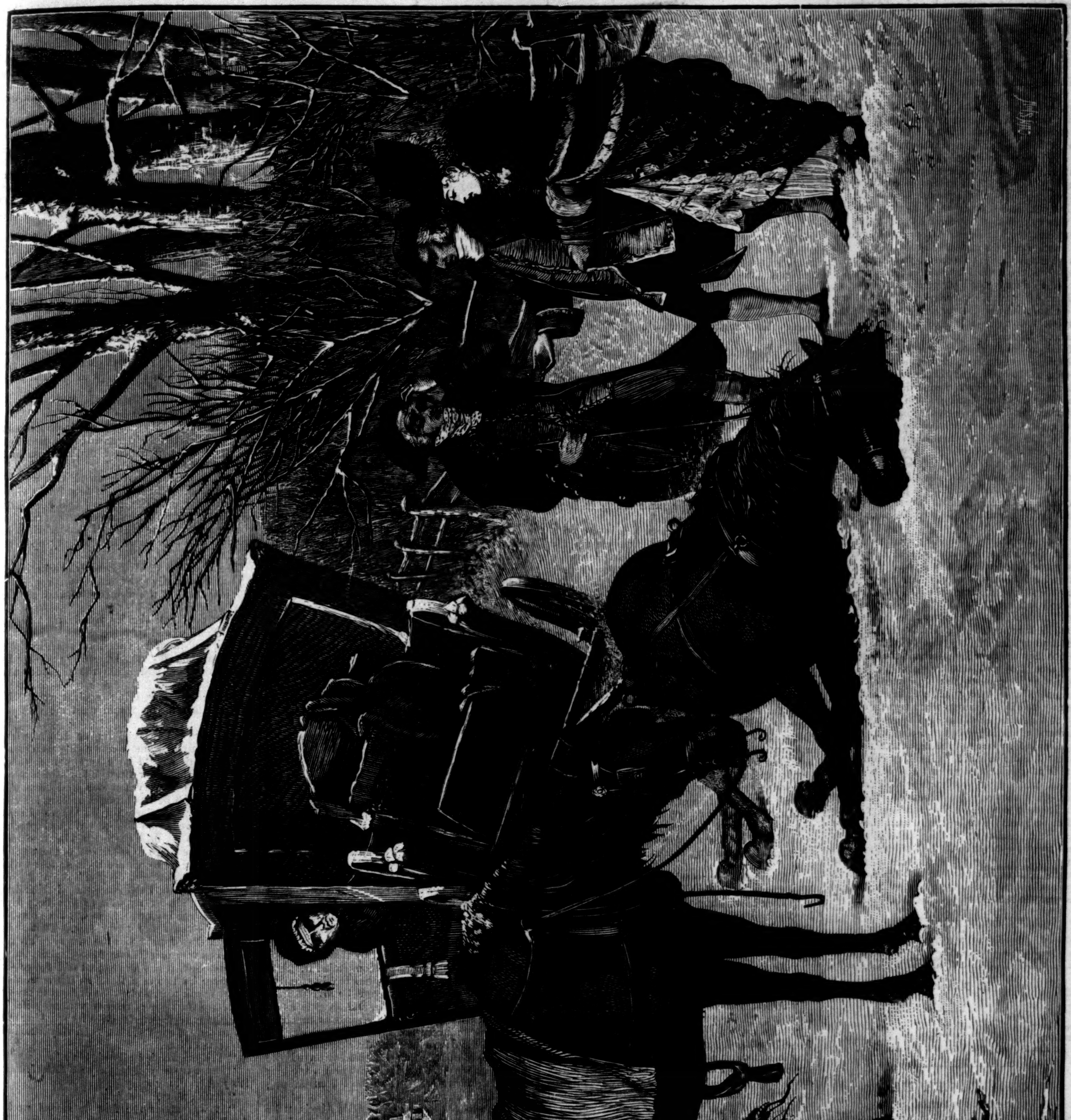
News has just reached Paris of a terrible land-slide in the Isle Reunion on the 11th ult. Sixty-two persons were killed and many injured. Many buildings and plantations were destroyed.

A dispatch to the London *Standard* says that before the towns of Nicsie and Duga were revictualed by the Turks, the insurgents suffered a defeat which was the severest of the war. Six hundred were killed and many wounded.

The Austrian embassador to the court at Constantinople has semi-officially communicated to the Grand Vizier Count Andrassy's scheme for reform in the Turkish provinces. The Grand Vizier, in reply, is represented to have rejected the idea of foreign mediation, and to have said that the Sublime Porte would give the peoples of the provinces all necessary guarantees for reform.

THEY BOTH LIE TOGETHER IN THE WASHINGTON ARENA.

DEMOCRATIC TIGER. "I have reformed, and am tame now." REPUBLICAN LAMB. "I—I believe it!"



A BREAKDOWN.—OLD TIME WINTER TRAVEL IN MERRIE ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

A BREAKDOWN.

OUR engraving on page 65 shows us an incident of travel in the olden time. Accustomed as we are to flying across the country at the rate of from thirty to fifty miles an hour by the mighty power of steam, it seems curious to look back and see what difficulties our forefathers had to contend with when they desired to make even a short journey. Three centuries ago the great mass of people staid at home; they lived and died in the place where they were born. Beyond their native precincts the world was an unknown region, whence now and then an adventurous traveler returned with marvelous stories of the wonders he had seen and heard.

Up to the middle of the sixteenth century the most common mode of travel was on horseback, and it was some time after that before any improvement was made in modes of conveyance. Even when it was first attempted to introduce wheeled vehicles as a means of locomotion, the idea was strenuously opposed by advocates of ancient custom, who denounced them as tending to promote weakness and effeminacy.

To whom the honor of inventing the first coach belongs is not positively known, but it is usually accorded to a native of Kotzi, near Presburg, in Hungary, whence also its name appears to have been derived. Queen ELIZABETH's state carriage was the first vehicle designated by that name in England. In 1588 the queen rode from Somerset House to Paul's Cross, to return thanks after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in a coach presented to her by HENRY, Earl of Arundel. It is described as a chariot throne drawn by two white horses. The royal fashion soon found many imitators, and although the coaches of that period must have been even more clumsy and uncomfortable than the one seen in our picture, which is certainly bad enough, they soon multiplied so rapidly that one of the satirists of the day complained that "the wife of every citizen must be jolted nowadays." This phrase is very expressive, since the coaches were, of course, without springs, and the roads of the most primitive kind.

It is most amusing to read to what an extent coaches, like most other improvements in these times, were attacked on the ground that they promoted effeminate luxury. The clergy, orators, and even poets, attack them. TAYLOR, the "Water-Poet," declares that "housekeeping never decayed until coaches came into England;" and much later, in 1672, a Mr. JOHN CRESSET wrote a pamphlet urging the abolition of the stage-coaches between London and the interior.

We are also told shop-keepers complained bitterly that they were ruined by the coaches. "Formerly," they said, "when ladies and gentlemen walked in the streets there was an opportunity of obtaining customers to inspect and purchase our commodities; but now they whisk past in coaches before our apprentices have time to cry out, 'What d'ye lack?'" Another complaint was that in former times the tradesmen in the principal streets earned as much as their rents by letting out their upper apartments to members of Parliament and country gentlemen visiting London on pleasure or business, until the noise made by the coaches drove the profitable lodgers to less frequented streets. But public convenience triumphed over private interests, and in spite of shop-keepers and watermen coaches multiplied in the streets of London and other English cities, and the senseless opposition died out.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VILLAGE SLANDER.

THE days glide by at Dorley Mill. Oh, how gently! oh, how sweetly! in what innocent rustic delights, in simple child-like pleasures, shared and sanctified by the perpetual presence of a child. The willows have unfolded their tender young leaves. The white blossoms of the orchards have come and gone like all earth's fairest things, too brief, too transitory. The lazy cattle revel in golden pastures; the pine-trees on the hill-tops put forth pale green shoots at the ends of their dark old boughs. It is the time of buttercups and young lambs, trout fishing and all delights of early summer, and it has brought along with it fair nights and days, healing and strength to Alexis Secretan.

Yet, strange to say, now that he is so much better, and nearly well enough to bear the journey to the Grange, he is no longer impatient to return thither.

"My life will be so dull without Trot," he says. "I'm afraid I have fallen in love with Trot."

And then he sighs deeply, and lapses into one of those despondent moods which come upon him sometimes.

Linda bends very low over her work, and she too sighs, but so softly that the sigh reaches no ear but Richard Plowden's, who sits close beside her work-table.

Alexis is well enough to go out-of-doors and walk a little way, assisted by his cane on one side, and on the other by Linda or Richard. They take it in turns to accompany him in these brief walks; and Linda shows him all the beauties of nature to be seen within a few hundred yards of the mill. They all sit out-of-doors a good deal in the balmy June weather, and Linda takes her work and books to the rustic bench under the willows, and Alexis has many an afternoon nap lulled by the babble of the mill stream.

But the day comes at last when Mr. Skalpel, who, if he has erred at all, has erred on the side of caution, pronounces that his patient is quite well enough to bear the journey home.

"And I do not say you could not have borne it a fortnight ago," adds the surgeon, "but I knew you to be particularly well off here, and one can not be too careful."

"Yes, I am very well off here," says Alexis, with a smothered sigh.

"However, since you are well enough to walk the length of the village, you are certainly well enough to bear a three-mile drive, and we have no excuse for keeping you here any longer."

"No, I have no excuse for remaining," says Alexis, thoughtfully.

"Six weeks ago you were in a great hurry to go back. I could hardly persuade you to be patient."

"Six weeks ago I was ill and fretful. Since then I have domesticated myself here, and now I feel as if Dorley Mill were home. Mr. Benfield and his granddaughter are so good to me; and this little fellow," adds Alexis, laying his hand on the golden head of Trot, who lies at his feet with an open picture-book spread out before him, "this little one and I have grown such friends that I don't know what I shall do without him."

"Ah," says Mr. Skalpel, waxing grave, "poor little boy!"

"You speak as if he were no favorite of yours."

"He is not," replies the surgeon. "He has caused too much scandal to be a favorite of mine."

"What do you mean by scandal?"

"Well, Mr. Secretan, country people are censorious. It's a very unworthy feeling on their part, but you'll find that country people *are* censorious."

"I have discovered the same failing in London people," remarks Alexis.

"And if any thing happens which is not quite open and on the surface, country people are apt to take a narrow view of it. Now Mr. Benfield's adoption of this boy has given rise to some very unpleasant reports."

"Why should it do so? Is it not an act of charity, a most praiseworthy act?"

"Possibly, possibly, my dear Mr. Secretan. That is the way in which I have always endeavored to see it, but one can't get other people to look at the thing with the same largeness of view. My wife now, an admirable woman; Miss Challice was a great favorite of hers before the appearance of this child. She would have done any thing for her, but since this baby came on the scene my wife has quite turned against the poor girl, will hardly allow her name to be mentioned in her presence."

"That seems rather hard."

"It is hard, but it is human nature. There are some sharp angles in human nature. It isn't all Hogarth's line of beauty. You see, this child made his appearance in a most mysterious way. If he had dropped from the moon it couldn't have been more sudden, and we know no more about his origin than we do of a moonstone."

"Then people have talked unpleasantly about Miss Challice, I infer?"

"They have, Mr. Secretan. There have been hard things said in the village with reference to that child. The village mind is coarse, and the village vocabulary is limited. Spades are called spades."

"And your villagers can hatch a lie out of their foul imaginations," says Alexis, in a tone that quite startles the placable doctor.

"I have always stood up for Miss Challice," he says; "I have always defended her."

"I am sorry there should be any need for defense," replies Alexis, sternly. "I am sorry the people of Dorley and its neighborhood should be such savages and idiots as not to recognize purity when they see it. I have lived nearly six months under the roof that shelters Miss Challice, and if she is not pure and perfect among women I have no power to recognize womanly purity and goodness."

"I am entirely with you there, Mr. Secretan, yet I can not help regretting that this child should have ever been brought here to occasion a scandal. There is a secret of some kind about his origin, and wherever there is a secret there is always food for slander. I am sorry, because I know Miss Challice has suffered."

"What! the slanders have reached her ears?"

"Yes, on some occasions, and they have made her very unhappy."

"Poor girl! Yet when I offered to adopt Trot, she would not hear of such a thing."

"I dare say not. The little fellow has wound himself about her heart, no doubt. They were always a soft-hearted race, these Benfields. The old man has been an encourager of tramps and beggars—too easy by half. It doesn't do, Mr. Secretan."

"Benevolence? No, it seems a failure in this life."

This conversation with the surgeon makes a strong impression upon Alexis. Instead of going down stairs to the sitting-room, where Richard and Linda are expecting him, he remains in his own room all the afternoon, keeping the child for his companion. The little fellow will amuse himself quietly for an hour together playing about the room in his quiet little way, and perfectly happy.

Alexis looks at him with infinite compassion.

"Poor little waif, what is to be your fate in the years to come?" he asks himself. "You can not always have the calm shelter of Dorley Mill. The day will come when you will have to go out into the world to fight the battle of life—nameless, perhaps friendless, unless I am living to befriend you. Poor child! I would give much to know your history, and yet there are questions I dare not ask. There is always the horrible doubt, the fear that this village scandal may contain some grain of truth."

He is disinclined for Linda's society that evening, and goes out at sunset for a solitary stroll, with no support but his cane. It is the first time he has walked without Linda or Richard's help.

He goes down to the willow-shaded path, contemplates the simple pastoral landscape in a thoughtful mood, scarcely seeing the objects he gazes at, and then strolls past that brief row of old-fashioned cottages which constitutes the village of Dorley.

Some men are standing before the little public-house, and one of these seems considerably amused in a quiet way at the appearance of Alexis, pale and wan still, and leaning heavily on his cane.

"He don't look up to much yet, do he?" says one of these village worthies when Alexis has passed, but before he is out of hearing.

"No," says the man who grinned. "He looks a rare sight. Yon's the rich gentleman at the mill. Miss Challice's new lovyer."

"Who says he's her sweetheart?" asks the other.

"Well, folks don't say it, maybe, but they knows it pretty well, I should think."

"That's the young woman that's got the 'dopted child," says the facetious man's friend.

The humorist is a drunkard and ne'er-do-well, who has been refused employment at the mill, and is bitter against Mr. Benfield and his household.

"'Dopted child," he says, with his coarse laugh, and raising his voice on purpose that Alexis may hear him. "There's a many sech 'dopted children in these parts, but we calls 'em by another name. We calls 'em—"

He has just time to utter a blasphemous adjective, but not the substantive that is to follow it, for the adjective is thrust back between his teeth, as it were, by a blow which strikes him on the mouth and seems to loosen every tooth in his head. It is astonishing how hard a weak man can hit when his arm is impelled by such passion as moves Alexis to-night. He staggers from the recoil of his own blow, and might fall were it not for a by-stander's friendly arm stretched out to support him.

"Sarve him right," says one of the sufferer's companions, as he stands before them, a piteous object, pouring his blood upon the dusty ground, as in a libation to the great mother. "He didn't ought to have gone and said any thing agen Miss Challice. She be a good friend to the poor folks."

The injured man growls out some threat about "summonsing" and "The Beak."

"Summon me before whom you please," replies Alexis. "I shall think this evening's work cheap at five pounds."

Alexis goes back to the mill curiously moved by what has happened.

"Why do I feel insult to her so keenly?" he asks himself. "Is it that she is more to me than I dare avow even to my own heart? Is there peril for my future peace in this quiet home that has sheltered my sickness and pain? Your fault, Sibyl, your fault. You have left your place to be occupied by another. Whatever evil befalls me is your work. Let it be my care that I bring no evil upon the good Samaritans who have succored me in my weakness. Mr. Skalpel is right; I have no excuse for remaining at Dorley another day. But before I go I would give much to learn the secret of that child's adoption."

He is not a little enfeebled by that act of violence and the passion that accompanied it. His heart beats violently, and he has barely strength to get back to the mill, where he arrives in a state of extreme exhaustion, and so pale as to frighten Linda and Richard almost as much as if his ghost had returned instead of himself.

"How ill you are looking, Mr. Secretan!" says Linda, anxiously, when she has arranged the pillows on his sofa and brought him a tumbler of claret and water. "You have been walking too fast and alone."

"I am sorry I look so ill," replies Alexis, "for Mr. Skalpel tells me I am quite well, and I am to go home to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; there is no use for my being a burden to you any longer."

"You have never been a burden," answers Linda, in a very low voice. Her face is hidden from Alexis, but not from Richard Plowden, who in their daily companionship has learned the meaning of that thoughtful countenance all too well. He reads her secret there to-night, and the knowledge pierces him to the heart.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TROT'S HISTORY.

ALEXIS wakes next morning with a throbbing head and a vague sense of trouble and regret; but upon the one question of his immediate return to the Grange his mind is fixed. There shall be no further delay. He has been long enough at Dorley—perhaps too long for his peace.

"If any one had told me last Christmas that my heart could ever beat one throb in the minute faster for any woman living except my wife, I should have given them the lie boldly enough. Is it gratitude—respect—affection—that makes me think so much of my fair young nurse, and think it so hard a thing to part from her? Or is it a feeling that I am bound to stifle? I hardly know how to answer that question even to myself. At worst the sentiment is a mild one. Passion has no part in my love—if love it be. It is pure and reverent, and I will say no word that shall sully it. Yet I can but feel what new brightness might glorify my life if I were free to love this girl."

He rises later than usual, and not before Trot has come to knock at his door and announce the hour.

"Bekkust is weady for 'oo," says Trot; "'oo eggs is boiled. Trot found 'em in the hen-house; Cothin Thina ones."

"Dear little Trot! How I shall miss that baby voice and those pretty baby ways!" thinks Alexis. "Coming presently, Trot," he cries, cheerily; and Trot makes his way down stairs rather noisily, as he alights upon every stair with a jump.

It is noon when Alexis goes down to breakfast, a radiant summer noon, and the first strawberries from the garden are upon the table, nestling among their aristocratic leaves. Linda is seated in her accustomed place by the window, her inexhaustible work-basket by her side. When she is not working for her grandfather or Trot, she is making clothes for the poorest among her neighbors.

"You accused me of looking ill last night, Miss Challice," says Alexis, as they shake hands; "and this morning I find you looking as pale as your lilies out yonder. What has happened to disturb you?"

"I have been told what you did yesterday evening," answers Linda, gravely.

"What, my little escapade with one of your amiable neighbors?" cries Alexis, lightly. "You don't mean to say people have been talking of such a trifle as that? I think I taught the gentleman that it's bad manners to laugh at a sick man."

"Was it for laughing at you that you struck him, Mr. Secretan?" asks Linda.

"Certainly. My cadaverous looks provoked his mirth, and if I do resemble the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I don't choose to be laughed at before my face."

"Oh, Mr. Secretan, I know all that was said by that man. Elizabeth has been in the village this morning, and people have told her all that happened. It was the slander against me which you resented. The old cruel slander which has pursued me ever since I took pity upon that desolate child."

The tears roll slowly down her cheeks, but she wipes them hastily away and regains composure. She is not one of the women who wash out their grief in tears.

"No one shall slander you in my presence, Miss Challice, and go unpunished. I'm sorry I let that foul-mouthed ruffian off so easily."

"And you do not believe—you—" Her voice fails her, and again the unbidden tears start to her eyes.

"I believe any thing against you? No, Linda. But if you would trust me with your secret—"

"I have no secret," replies Linda, with a frank, steady look, more convincing than a world of protestation. "I have shrunk from talking to you of that dear little fellow's history only because it is a very sad one, and because the scandal which he has brought upon us has made the subject particularly painful to me. I should have been weak and cowardly if I had consented to part with my little darling just because people are wicked enough to speak evil of me, but I am not so brave as to endure their slander without pain. I have suffered deeply."

"Tell me all, I entreat you. I think I love that child almost as well as you do. He is about the age my own son would have been had he lived—the son I never saw. That sounds curious, does it not? but the history of my marriage is a very painful one, Miss Challice, though, I thank God, it has no element of disgrace—and I"—here he falters a little, as if the words he has to speak were somewhat difficult to say—"I still have the hope of reunion with my wife."

He may have some motive for speaking of Sibyl to-day, though she has been very little in his thoughts of late.

"Tell me all about Trot's birth."

"Let me see you begin your breakfast first. It's rather a long story."

"I am all attention."

"It was about the first or second week in April, three years ago, when I first saw Trot. It was a bleak afternoon, windy and cold. I had gone out into the front garden to look for the first wall-flowers, when I saw a woman leaning against the railings for support. I did not see at first that she had a baby in her arms, it was so hidden by her seal-skin jacket. I asked her if she was ill, and she said yes, she was ill and tired. She had walked all the way from Winchester. I asked her to come into the porch and rest. She came in, and had hardly seated herself when she fainted, and would have fallen if I had not managed to support her in my arms. Then the baby began to cry, and I saw him for the first time—such a tiny thing. Fortunately I was accustomed to young babies, from having visited a good deal among our cottagers."

"And you took them in, mother and child, and sheltered and nourished them?"

"What else could I do? Elizabeth and I soon discovered that the poor creature was starving. She had been living on penny rolls for the last fortnight—ever since she had left the work-house, where her baby was born. Yes, that sounds dreadful, doesn't it? Our darling Trot was born in Winchester Union."

"Dreadful indeed, from society's point of view. What kind of person was the mother?"

"I can hardly tell you. She was very ill when we took her in—worn and wasted to a mere shadow. She must have been very pretty when she was happy and well—but her beauty was all gone. She was very reserved, and though I tried to win her confidence, she would tell me nothing about herself—what she had been in the past, or what she hoped to be in the future. She seemed very unhappy, and though she was evi-

dently fond of her baby, he seemed rather to add to her unhappiness. I felt that her story must be a very sorrowful one."

"And you pitied her?"

"With all my heart. One day, when she had been with us about a week, and was beginning to get a little better and stronger, I asked her if she had any home to go to. She had been talking about leaving us in a day or two. Yes, she said, she had a home, and she was going to it, but she did not know what to do with her baby. There were reasons why she could not take the baby home. And then she asked me if I knew any honest woman in the village who would take care of the child for a year or two, and trust to her sending payment for its maintenance regularly after her return home. I told her that I was afraid none of our own villagers would take the responsibility of a stranger's child. They would want to know who and what she was before they trusted her. Of course I said this as kindly as I could."

"As if you could be any thing but kind!" exclaims Alexis.

"After this I could see she was very unhappy. She sat with the baby in her lap, crying over it in a fretful way, and she was evidently troubled in her mind, and chiefly about the baby. I don't know how it was, but just then there came into my mind the thought of all I had ever heard about wretched women killing their children. I thought of this poor creature wandering about the country penniless, friendless, with a wailing infant in her arms, and how in some dreadful hour, wandering by the side of a river, the temptation might come to her to drown this sweet, innocent little thing, which, even in its unconsciousness, seemed to cling to me, and to be happier in my arms than in its mother's.

"'If my grandfather would only let me keep your child,' I said, at which she burst into tears again, and threw her arms round my neck and entreated me to take care of the little one, and promised me all kinds of rewards by-and-by, when fortune smiled upon her. I told her I wanted no reward except the delight of making the little fellow happy, and teaching him to love me. I thought very little of the responsibility I was assuming, I am afraid. It seemed scarcely more to me than if I was offering to take care of another kitten to add to our family of pets."

"What did your grandfather say to the idea?"

"Bless his kind heart, he never refused me any thing in his life. He was rather against the notion at first, and he asked me if I had considered what a burden we should be taking upon ourselves, and what we were to do with the baby when it grew up. 'A baby's easy to keep,' he said. 'A quart of new milk more or less won't hurt us, but what shall we do when he's a big fellow and wants schooling?' 'He can go to the mill and work for his living,' I said. 'Not if you bring him up as a pet and plaything,' said grandfather; 'he'll be too good for the mill.'"

"And you had your way?"

"Yes. I couldn't get that idea about the river out of my mind, and I was determined that unhappy mother shouldn't take the baby away, so I talked my dear old grandfather into giving his consent, and he promised to adopt the child. The poor creature went down on her knees to me when I told her that I would take care of her baby, but she was not any more inclined to confide in me than she had been at the very first, and two days afterward she insisted upon leaving us, though I begged her to stay till she was stronger and better able to travel. She was resolute; so I gave her a couple of sovereigns, all the money I had of my own, and patched up her clothes a little. She was dreadfully shabby, poor thing, and at daybreak one morning she left us to walk to Winchester, where she was to take the Parliamentary train to London."

"You are sure she was going to London?"

"That is what she told me, and she was anxious to get to Winchester in time for the London train."

"She did not even tell you her name?"

"No. 'I might give you a false name,' she said, 'but what would be the use of that? If I live, and things prosper with me, you shall know all about me some day.'"

"That was vague," says Alexis. "Did she wear a wedding-ring?"

"Yes; but she told me that it was one she bought for a penny. 'I sold the real one to buy bread,' she said."

"And she left her child without showing any grief?"

"No; just at the last she broke down, clasped him to her breast, and cried over him bitterly."

"Have you heard nothing of her since that time?"

"I have no actual communication. But I have received three ten-pound notes at intervals, each in a blank envelope, posted in London. I have put the money into the Savings-bank for my darling."

"And the envelopes—you kept them, I suppose?"

"No; they were directed in a cramped, unformed hand, like that of a very common person. I can not think that it was the writing of Trot's mother, who must have been something above the lowest class, at any rate. Yet I feel sure the money must have come from her."

"There was nothing written inside the envelope?"

"Not a word. The bank-note was wrapped in a blank sheet of paper."

"Provoking!" exclaims Alexis. "I would give a great deal to know more about Trot's origin. His name of Trot, by-the-way, how did he come by that?"

"It is only a pet name which my grandfather gave him when he first began to walk and was always trotting about the house. He was christened William, after my grandfather, who stood for him. We had him christened the week after his mother left us."

"Poor little Trot! but for you he might have been left outside the fold. Poor little Trot! born in a work-house, abandoned by his mother, fatherless, nameless. Well, Miss Challice, his schooling shall never trouble you or your grandfather. We'll send him to Winchester when he's old enough, and to Oxford after, and make a man of him. That shall be my duty, and it may be some small return for all the care you and your worthy grandfather have bestowed upon me."

"You are too good. Believe me, we need no recompense."

"No more did the good Samaritan. How long is it, by-the-way, since you received the last bank-note?"

"Not more than two months ago. It came while you were very ill."

"I thank you most sincerely for having told me this story. I am deeply interested in Trot, deeply moved by your goodness to him. It is a hard thing that such an act of divine charity should have brought sorrow upon you. It makes me detest your innocent rustics."

"Do not blame them. It arises out of their ignorance—"

"No," cries Alexis, sternly; "it arises out of their knowledge of evil and incapacity to believe in good."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Meldrun has published in full his important paper on cyclones and rain-fall in connection with sun spots, showing that the number of cyclones, their duration, their resistance and velocity, are much greater in the years of maximum spots than in the years of minimum spot frequency. Appended to his memoir are important tables giving details of the weather on the Indian Ocean, and especially a list of the hurricanes experienced at Mauritius since 1695.

An important publication has lately been inaugurated in the form of a Bulletin of the National Museum, consisting of a series of memoirs illustrating the collections of the museum. It is printed, by direction of the Secretary of the Interior, at the Government Printing-office, from materials prepared by the Smithsonian Institution, which, as is known to our readers, has charge of the museum referred to.

The first number of the Bulletin consists of a check list of the North American batrachia and reptilia, with a systematic list of the higher groups, and an essay on geographical distribution, as based on the specimens in the National Museum, and as prepared by Professor Edward D. Cope, the well-known herpetologist and naturalist. The list of species is the first systematic enumeration of American reptiles since the time of Dr. Holbrook, and embraces 101 species of frogs, toads, salamanders, etc., 132 of serpents, 82 of lizards, 41 of turtles and tortoises, and 2 of crocodiles. Each species is accompanied by a reference to some work where it is described or figured.

The list of the higher groups embraces those of the whole world, and will form a convenient basis for the arrangement of such collections in public museums.

The second Bulletin of the National Museum, just published by the government, contains an important contribution to our knowledge of the natural history of Kerguelen Island, by Dr. J. H. Kidder, of the navy. Dr. Kidder was surgeon and naturalist of the American transit of Venus party which had Kerguelen Island as a station, and in this paper we have the first portion of his account of the very important labors prosecuted by him during his stay. This includes the natural history of twenty-one species of birds, all of which, with the eggs of most of them, were brought to the National Museum. Full notes of their habits and peculiarities, given by Dr. Kidder, add greatly to its value as a contribution to science, clearing up in many cases doubtful points in regard to the natural history of some species, and furnishing fuller information as to others.

Among the deaths recently announced are those of Professor E. Kopp, Professor of Chemistry at the Polytechnic of Zurich, at the age of fifty-eight; Professor F. A. Lange; and M. Sédillot, aged sixty-seven. The last was the author of several interesting works upon the astronomy, geography, and physical science of the Greeks, Arabs, and other ancient people.

A new relation between electricity and light has been announced by Dr. Kerr, of Glasgow, who finds that when glass, which in its normal condition is a singly refracting medium, is properly subjected to the action of intense electrostatic force, it assumes a new molecular structure, and thus acquires the property of double refraction. A Ruhmkorff's induction apparatus was employed, and a block of plate-glass served as the dielectric medium, while polarized light was transmitted through the glass in a direction perpendicular to the lines of electric force. Under these conditions, the glass acts as though it has suffered compression along the lines of force, or, in other words, it becomes a negative uniaxial medium. Similar results were obtained with other dielectrics, the action of resin, however, being contrary to that of glass, or positive.

M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, in examining a zinc blende from the Pierrefitte mine (Pyrenees), claims to have discovered a new metal, for which he proposes the name of gallium. He first recognized its presence spectroscopically by a violet ray of considerable intensity. It was, however, present in such minute quantities that little could be done toward determining its character. The few reactions of gallium thus far announced, as well as its spectrum, would place it near indium, also first discovered in a zinc blende.

Professor Peters has recently described the mode of laying of its eggs employed by a species of tree-frog (*Polypedates*) from tropical Western Africa. This species deposits its eggs, as is usual among batrachians, in a mass of an albuminous jelly, but instead of placing this in the water, it attaches it to the leaves of trees which border the shore and overhang a water hole or pond. Here the albumen speedily dries, forming a horny or glazed coating of the leaf, inclosing the unimpregnated eggs in a strong envelope. Upon the advent of the rainy season the albumen is softened, and, with the eggs, is washed into the pool below, now filled with water. Here the male frog finds the masses, and occupies himself with their impregnation.

The fourth part of the second series of Mr. William H. Edwards's work on the butterflies of North America has just been published by Hurd & Houghton, and contains five quarto plates of butterflies, drawn with the utmost excellence by Miss Peart. The forms illustrated are species of *Argynnis*, *Grapta*, *Melitæa*, and *Papilio*, most of them new species recently described by Mr. Edwards himself.

Bührig, by means of a series of careful combustions of cerium oxalate, has very accurately redetermined the atomic weight of the metal. This, based upon the values given by Stas for carbon and oxygen, he finds to be 94.1782. This value is the mean of results obtained in fifteen experiments.

Buchwalder states, in reference to the burning mirror recently invented by Mouchot, that it was used as long ago as in the days of Numa Pompilius, in whose reign the priests in the temple of Vesta, according to Plutarch, employed a conical reflector with a solid angle of ninety degrees as a mirror for concentrating the rays of the sun, thereby producing the heat necessary to light the sacred fires.

We have already made some reference to the proposition to introduce the turbot and sole into the waters of the United States, a public-spirited citizen of Boston having volunteered to be at the expense, provided the United States Fish Commission will undertake the work. Inquiry has accordingly been made by Professor Baird, the Commissioner, as to the best locality and proper season for obtaining these fish, and he has ascertained that in the vicinity of Brighton and on the coast of Devonshire they can be had in the spring in any quantity, and of suitable size for transportation.

The Cunard Steam-ship Company has very kindly agreed to furnish free passage out and back again for the person in charge of the shipment and his return cargo, and it is probable that the experiment will be made some time in April next, as this is considered the most suitable period for the enterprise.

Should the experiment succeed, it will add two very highly valued fish to the American waters, and almost the only remaining species which it would seem of any importance that we should add to our own. Possessing, as we do, equally good species of mackerel, halibut, cod, bass, etc., while we have many other kinds of great excellence not represented in European waters, after the acquisition of the turbot and the sole, dear to gastronomers, we may be considered as very well provided in this respect.

Should this enterprise be successfully carried out during the present Centennial year, we may confidently predict that on the occasion of the next centenary the turbot and the sole in America, so far from being held at a high price on account of the delicacy and extreme rarity, will be among the common articles of food.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1876.

Sunday,	23.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Tuesday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

FEBRUARY.

Wednesday,	2.—Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	6.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	13.—Septuagesima.
Sunday,	20.—Sexagesima.
Thursday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	27.—Quinquagesima.

Active preparations are making in this city for the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey next month, in Gilmore's Concert Garden. The Garden, or Hippodrome, as it is sometimes called, will be divided by partitions into three rooms, and will be so arranged that two of the three can be used for religious services simultaneously, if necessary. The principal audience room will accommodate eight thousand persons. On the evening of January 4 the first of a series of meetings designed to give instruction to Christian workers was held in Dr. Ormiston's church, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. The venerable Dr. S. H. Tyng delivered the sermon, which will be followed during the month by discourses from other ministers of this city. An up-town daily prayer-meeting, under the direction of the Moody and Sankey committee, in the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, has been held for some time, and is frequented by Christians of all denominations. The attendance upon the meetings of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia is still very great. As many as 11,000 women were present at a special service on Sunday afternoon, January 2. The churches of that city are receiving large accessions to their numbers.

The week of prayer has been well observed in New York and Brooklyn. A union prayer-meeting has been held every afternoon at Dr. Rogers's church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. The churches of the Ninth Ward have united in a daily noon meeting in the Rev. Mr. Page's church, on Eleventh Street near Seventh Avenue. A union meeting of the Harlem churches has also been held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, has spent two Sundays with the Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris. On each occasion he preached to large congregations. He expressed the opinion that in view of the flourishing condition of the parish, the time would soon come when it would be necessary to provide ampler accommodations.

One of the most prosperous churches in New York is the Congregational Tabernacle, of which the Rev. Dr. Taylor is the esteemed pastor. At the thirty-fifth annual meeting, held a short time since, the receipts were shown to exceed the expenses by $4000. The charitable contributions for 1875 were $18,500. There are 863 members, of whom 159 united with the church during the past year.

A telegram from Berlin announces that the proposals of reform in the Turkish government drawn up by Count Andrassy, of the Austrian cabinet, have been approved by Russia, and will probably be approved by the other great powers. The terms are the equality of all religious faiths, self-government of the provinces and communes, especially in the imposition of taxes, and the abolition of serfdom.

A most valuable pamphlet is the official record of the conference of delegates from the Presbyterian churches of the world, held in London in July, 1875. It contains the constitution, list of delegates, and a tabular statement of the number of members of the churches which hold the reformed faith. The alliance formed last year will hold its first meeting in Edinburgh on the first Tuesday of July, 1876. The number of delegates is limited to 300, distributed as follows: United States, 100; Great Britain and Ireland, 102; continent of Europe, 54; colonies, etc., 44.

The Church of the Disciples, in this city, of which the Rev. George H. Hepworth is pastor, is greatly embarrassed by a debt, which reaches $189,000. Meetings have been held to consider measures of relief. Dr. Hepworth preaches to a large congregation, in which are very many young men.

The Roman Catholic friends of Archbishop Ledochowski intend to make the day of his release from prison (February 3) an occasion of great rejoicing. Deputations will wait upon him from all parts of Germany.

Lieutenant Conder, in a lecture recently delivered in England upon the progress made by the Ordnance Survey of Palestine, presented some interesting facts. In four years the Ordnance party have surveyed four-fifths of the 6000 square miles of Palestine proper which lie between Dan and Beersheba. Local Arabic names have been identified with the Hebrew names to be found in the Bible. "So thoroughly has this been effected," says the lieutenant, "that it is probable that by the completion of the survey there will hardly be a place mentioned in the Bible which is not determined on the map. Thus the Scripture narrative will be so illustrated by a correct knowledge of the localities as to have all the life of a contemporary record."

The Hon. John W. Foster, United States minister to Mexico, in a letter to the *Christian Advocate*, has added important particulars to the statement of Secretary Fish in relation to the disposition made by the Mexican government of the murderers of the Rev. John L. Stephens. He says: "Within two days [of the murder] the Governor of Jalisco had two thousand State troops in Ahualulco, sent from Guadalajara, the capital of the State. Large numbers of arrests of suspected persons were made, and under the provisions of a very summary law eighteen persons were convicted of participation in the mob within fifteen days. Eight were sentenced to death, and ten to imprisonment in the State-prison for different terms of years....The convicted criminals resorted to all appeals and delays known to the laws, but their cases were all decided against them, except that two of those sentenced to death had their sentences commuted to long terms of imprisonment—one on account of youth, and another on account of old age. One case only remained undetermined at last advices. Five of the criminals have already been shot, and the rest (thirteen) are now in prison."

All accounts concur in representing the Mexican government as determined to protect the professors of every form of the Christian faith. Its enlightened policy deserves both the approval and the support of the people of the United States.

Following closely upon the death of Dr. Hackett, we have the announcement of the death of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan B. Condit, of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, at Auburn, New York. He had filled the chair of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology since 1855, having previously been a professor in Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, and in Amherst College, Massachusetts. He was a man of amiable character and of gentle, winning manners. He had reached the sixty-seventh year of his life.

In his annual Message to the Legislature Governor Tilden does not explain how the "Gray Nuns Act" passed through both Houses or received his signature. He, however, shows that this act is rendered null by a subsequent law approved June 9, 1875, which takes away from the State Superintendent of Education all discretion in the granting of teachers' certificates. The Governor says: "The provision [in the Gray Nuns Act] had no real effect; it conferred no new power on the Superintendent; it added nothing to his existing power; but it bore the appearance of a special grant of a privilege to one corporation, which may be presumed to have escaped attention, for the bill passed the Assembly once and the Senate twice by the affirmative vote of every member present. But the discretionary power of the Superintendent under the law of 1864 and under this act was afterward completely abrogated by the law of the 9th of June. He was prohibited from granting any certificates except on public examination. The law of the 9th of June was later than the Gray Nuns Act, and repealed the clause of that act which authorized the Superintendent, in his discretion, to grant certificates to graduates of the seminaries of the Gray Nuns corporation."

The *Tablet*, of this city, in commenting on this scandal in our State legislation, has the audacity to say, "It would be absurd to accuse the Catholic Church in this country of having ever attempted to control any political party, or to dictate any policy as a condition for the votes of Catholics." Has the *Tablet* forgotten the Geghan law in Ohio, and the vote of the Church promised thereupon?

"FOR THE POOR."—From a Painting by W. F. Yeames, A.

S, A. ...TED IN THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1875.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

OUR POOR.

ONE of the most stubborn problems with which society has to grapple is that of taking care of the poor. Americans have been accustomed to assume that in a country like our own, whose undeveloped resources are so far in advance of its population, the enigmas of pauperism, as they are propounded in the Old World, can never present themselves. Yet the unprecedented severity of the weather during the last winter, the stagnation of business throughout the whole year, and the frequent strikes among the laboring classes have entailed upon certain portions of the community an amount of suffering, distress, and poverty hitherto unknown in our prosperous land. It has been said by one of the most illustrious of English poets that

> "rich folks never fail
> To find some reason why the poor deserve
> Their miseries."

Unfortunately they are too often justified in so doing; yet, nevertheless, we have always many deserving poor among us, and a great amount of suffering exists which it is an imperative duty to alleviate. Thus it becomes a matter of the highest importance that the relief offered, whether by the State or individuals, should be so judiciously administered as not only to ameliorate present suffering, but, as far as possible, reduce the number of those who require aid.

Different methods of relieving the poor can be generally divided into two plans. One is to care for them in buildings erected and set apart for the purpose; and the other, furnishing relief to them in their own homes. Both of these systems are a draft upon the productive industry of those members of the community that are able and willing to labor. This draft ought, in common justice to the latter class, to be reduced to the smallest amount consistent with the relief of such persons as are really necessitous. It is only in times of extraordinary commercial disaster, throwing large numbers out of employment, that healthy men and women can be justified in seeking charity. Persons of sound mind, good health, and virtuous habits are very seldom driven to seek such relief by want of employment. Such persons almost universally become paupers by their own culpable conduct. All these, excepting when they may be idiotic, or partially so, obtain their living from the public by a species of fraud. There is a large class of idle vagabonds who pass from county to county, and during the winter season, or when ill, settle down in those poor-houses which in their travels they find most agreeable and well kept. The policy of the law should be to treat as criminals those who levy upon the public for support while able to earn their own living. In fact, they form the class from which criminals are recruited, and it is hardly possible to define the difference between the two.

There should also be a sharp distinction made between the treatment of those paupers who have become such by their own criminal choice, and others who are reduced to this level by no fault of their own. The time has arrived when it is imperatively necessary to make the laws more stringent in their application to vagabonds and professional beggars. As it is, many persons fear to refuse the demands of tramps and beggars for aid, lest they may subject themselves to the dangers of burglary or arson. The tramps understand very well the power secured to them by this condition of things, especially over unprotected women and children living in districts without a local police. In Cleveland, Ohio, the city government, in order to abate the tramp nuisance, passed an ordinance that they should be made to work. The relief afforded to the community by this action on the part of the authorities was immediate.

There is also a large body of persons who, through vice, or weakness of mind and body, continually tend to drop downward into the pauper class. It is an unfortunate but well-known fact that those just above this condition, who may by any financial panic or social convulsion be thrown upon public charity for support, marry and rear children most recklessly, without the slightest provision for their maintenance or education. It has long since been noted by political economists that the rate of increase among that portion of the community from which paupers are recruited is very considerably more rapid than among the thrifty, industrious, and intelligent. This aspect of the case makes the problem of pauperism in large cities and in thickly settled districts exceedingly appalling. Nothing but constant, energetic, and wisely directed effort on the part of the State and of all thoughtful and intelligent persons to train, educate, and elevate the children of the pauper and vicious classes can prevent their increase to a number that will tax the resources of both public and private charity to the utmost. It is not enough for the State or for private individuals to provide relief for the helpless at present existing. Future dangers must be foreseen and provided for.

From the nature of the case, the number of persons and organizations engaged in the care of the poor in large cities is very numerous. This affords a wide range of opportunity for the dishonest to obtain aid from several sources at the same time. Instances illustrating this evil are by no means rare, and the only possible means by which this overlapping of charitable societies can be prevented is the organization of a central bureau in each town or city, to which reports should be furnished of the names of all persons who receive aid.

Such bureaus would also tend to expose the character of many professedly benevolent societies which are either wastefully and inefficiently conducted or are positively fraudulent. They would, moreover, be a ready means of detecting and bringing to justice persons who collect money ostensibly for benevolence, but in reality for themselves. In more than one case it has been found that the Legislature of the State has made appropriations of large amounts to such organizations. Private individuals have been victimized to a still greater extent. Such a central bureau would bring to light the evils so liable to grow up from the excessive amount of machinery connected with benevolence and the heavy cost of working it. This evil oftener arises from thoughtlessness and ignorance than from bad intentions. The excessive individualism of our people blinds them to the advantages of co-operation, comprehensive views, and intelligent oversight.

Some few writers have taken the ground that all legal provision for the poor should be abolished, and the relief of their necessities be provided for by voluntary collections in the parish churches, to be disbursed by the clergy and elders of the establishment. Where an established Church exists, the duty of providing for the poor devolves upon the officers of the parish, and this merely changes the form of administration, and does not in any material degree affect its spirit. If, however, there were no parish assessment for the poor, the charitably disposed alone—almost universally a minority of the population—would have to bear the entire burden, and parishes which embraced the more dissipated and degraded of the population would soon find the expense of provision for the poor resting upon their shoulders greater than they could possibly bear.

In a country like ours, without any established Church, if every denomination were to care for its own poor members, it would distribute the burden, morally binding upon all, with great inequality. We have constant instances of this in the demands made by the Roman Church upon its members. Our double-page engraving shows one of the means by which the supplies for the poor are gathered together under that ecclesiastical organization. Members of the different sisterhoods go about in pairs, and their requests are too frequently responded to by a dishonest raid upon the household larder by the servants. Scantily paid, and scarcely able to supply their own wants, our domestics are constantly taxed in this manner, and compelled by a law of conscience to give when they are utterly unable to afford the outlay.

It can never be questioned that an intelligent study of the problem of misery is incumbent upon all those who love their fellow-men. As a nation we have been profuse in our provision for the relief of suffering humanity, but we have not studied as we ought the means of reaching and eradicating its causes. European literature is rich upon the subject, but we do not recall a single systematic treatise on pauperism that has been issued from the American press. The published reports of the Charity Commissioners in our various States, however, contain many useful statistics and many valuable discussions, from one of which has been gathered many of the hints contained in this article.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Three Harvard Seniors went into a hotel celebrated for its wines, particularly old Hock. One of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of "*hic, hæc, hoc.*" The waiter, however, paid no attention to the request, and on being again called, said, "Really, gentlemen, I thought you had *declined* it."

A windy orator once got up and said, "Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly and deliberately and carefully come to the determined conclusion that in those cities where the population is very large there are a greater number of men, women, and children than in cities where the population is less."

Two ragged little urchins, whose parents paid more attention to the bottle than to the training of their children, were in the habit of seriously annoying their neighbors who lived close by with their noise while at play in front of their house. One day the lady of the house came to the door, and told them to be quiet or go home immediately. "Jist hear she a-orderin' we," said one of the children to the other, "when us don't belong to she."

An old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all sincerity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

QUERIES.—Somebody wants to know the name of the tune which was "played upon the feelings," and also if the "cup of sorrow" has a saucer. The same inquisitor would like to know if "the light of other days" was gas or electricity. Also, if the girl who "clung to hope" had not a slippery hold, and if people do not get fatigued by "the exercise of forbearance."

"I wish I had your head," said a lady, one day, to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are no Irish characters in Shakspeare. Does not Hamlet exclaim, "Now might I do it, Pat, now he is praying?" to say nothing of O'Thello, Cory O'Lanus, and the lady O'Phelia.

PROVERBS MADE LITERAL.

It's a long lane which takes you three hours and a half to get to the end of.
The early bird is generally wide awake.
A wise child knows its alphabet.
A virtuous woman is a useful commodity.
Look before you swear you see something.
There are two sides to every ham sandwich.
Early to bed and early to rise is all very well in theory, but it won't do in practice.

Old Lord Alphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very prosy preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried, "Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone." A grunt, and then, "I'm no sleepin', minister." "But ye are sleepin'. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last." "Ye said, 'Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone.'" "Ay, ay; but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that." "I wager ye dinna ken yoursel."

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

OAKLEAF POTATOES.

"OF all slow people in this slow place, I am quite certain that there is none so slow as Cripps, the carrier."

This "hot spache," as the patient Zachary would perhaps have called it, passed the lips of no less a person than old Squire Oglander. He, on the 20th day of December (the day after that we began with), was hurrying up and down the long straight walk of his kitchen-garden, and running every now and then to a post of vantage, from which he could look over the top of his beloved holly hedge, and make out some of the zigzags of the narrow lane from Beckley. A bitter black frost had now set in, and the Squire knew that if he wanted any thing more fetched out of his ground, or any thing new put into it, it might be weeks before he got another chance of doing it. So he made a good bustle, and stamped and ran and did all he could to arouse his men, who knew him too well to concern themselves about any of his menaces.

"I tell you we are all caught napping, Thomas. I tell you we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. The frost is an inch in the ground already. Artichokes, carrots, parsnips, beet-root, even horseradish for our Christmas beef—and, upon my soul, a row of potatoes never even dug yet! Unless I am after you at every corner—well, I am blessed if I don't see our keeping onions!"

"Now, measter, 'ee no call to be so grum. None of they things 'll be a haporth the worse. The frost 'll ony swaten 'em."

"You zany, I know all your talk. Hold your tongue. Not a glass of beer will I send out if this is all I get for it. Sweeten them indeed! And when we want them, are we to dig them with mattocks, pray? Or do you thick-heads expect it to thaw to order when the pot is bubbling? Stir your lazy legs, or I'll throw every one of you on the work-house the moment the first snow falls."

The three men grinned at one another, and proceeded leisurely. They knew much better than the Squire himself what his gentle nature was, and that he always expiated a scolding with a jug of beer.

"Man and boy," said the eldest of them, speaking below his breath, as if this tyranny had extinguished him—"in this here gearden have I worked, man and boy, for threescore year, and always gi'en satisfaction. Workuss! What would his father a' said to hear tell in this gearden of workuss? Workuss! Well, let un coom, if a' will. Can't be harder work, God knoweth."

"Tummuss, Tummuss, you may say that," said another lazy rascal, shaking his head, with his heel on his spade, and then wiping his forehead laboriously. "'Tis the sweat of our brow, Tummuss, none of 'em thinks on. But there, they was born to be driving of us!"

Squire Oglander made as if he heard them not; and then he hurried to the hedge again, and stood on the wall of the leaf-mould pit, and peered over the beard of hollies. And this time he spied in the distance Cripps, or at any rate the tilt of the Crippsian cart, jogging sedately to the rhythm of the feet of Dobbin.

"Hurrah!" cried the Squire, who was still as young in mind as if he had no body. "By George, we shall be just in time! Never mind what I said, my lads. I was a little bit cross, I know. Take out the crumbs from the bottom of your trenches, and go two inches deeper. Our new potatoes are come at last! Mary, come out with a gallon of ale."

Squire Oglander, having retired now from the army and all warfare, was warmly devoted to the arts of peace. Farming, planting, gardening, breeding, training of dogs, and so on—all of these quiet delights fell softly on a very active mind when the vigor of the body began to fail. He loved his farm, and he loved his garden, and all his attempts at improvement, and nothing better than to point out his own mistakes to rash admirers. But where is the pleasure of showing things to strangers who know nothing? The old man's grand delight of all was to astonish his own daughter, his only child, Grace Oglander.

This it was that made him work so hard at the present moment. He was determined to have his kitchen-garden in first-rate winter order by the time his daughter should come home from a visit to her aunt at Cowley. Now this sister, Mrs. Fermitage, had promised to bring home their joint pet Gracie in time for the dinner at five o'clock that very day, and to dine there with them, so that it was needful to look alive, and to make quick step of every thing. Moreover, this good Squire had some little insight (as behooves a farmer and a sportsman) into the ways and meaning of the weather of the neighborhood. He knew as well as a short-tailed field-mouse that a long frost was coming. The sharp dry rustle of the upturned leaves of holly and of ivy, the heavy stoop of the sullen sky, the patches of spaded mould already browning with powdery crispness, the upward shivering look of the grass, and the loss of all gloss upon every thing, and the shuddering rattle in the teeth of a man who opened his mouth to the wind at all—many other things than these, as well as all of them, were here; that any man (not blind, or deaf, or choked in citied ignorance) might fall to at once and dig every root of his potatoes.

But the strange thing, in this present matter, was that Squire Oglander was bent not only on digging potatoes, but also on planting them, this very day. Forsooth it was one of his fixed dates in the chronicles of the garden, that happen what might, or be the season whatsoever it chose to be, new potatoes and pease he would have by the last day of May at the latest. And this without any ignoble resort to forcing-pit, hot-bed, or even cold frame; under the pure gaze of the sky, by that time they must be ready. Now this may be easy at Ventnor, or Penzance, or even Bournemouth; but in the highlands of Oxfordshire it requires some skill and management. In the first place, both pea and potato must be of a kind that is ready to awake right early; and then they must be humored with a very choice place; and after that they must be shielded from the winter's rages. If all these "musts" can be complied with, and several "ifs" are solved aright, the gardener (eager as well as patient) may hope to get pleasure from his early work.

"Inside and outside, all look alive!" cried this gentleman, running to and fro. "Gracie will be home—Miss Grace, I mean, and not a bit of fire in the drawing-room grate! No Christmas-boxes for any of you sluts! Now, I did not mean that, Mary, as you might know. Inside, the women, and outside, the men—now what is this paper for, my dear?"

"That there Cripps, Sir, have a sent 'un in. He be gettin' so perrikular!"

"Quite right. Quite right. Business is business. No man can be too particular. Let him sit down and have a pint of ale. He wants me to sign this paper, does he? Very well; tell him to come next week. My fingers are cramped with the wind. Tell Cripps—now don't you be in such a hurry, Mary; Cripps is not a marrying man."

"As if I would touch him with a pair of tongs, Sir! A Hookham to have a Cripps, Sir! A man who always smells as if he had been a-combing of a horse!"

"Ah, poor Mary, the grapes are sour. Tell bachelor Cripps to send in the bag. And bring me the little truck basket, Mary; I dare say that will hold them. Just in time; they are only just in time. To-morrow would have been a day too late."

The Squire was to pay a guinea for this bushel of early Oakleaf potatoes, a sort that was warranted to beat the Ashleaf by a fortnight, and to crop tenfold as much. The bag had been sent by the Henley coach from a nursery near Maidenhead, and left at the Black Horse in St. Clement's, to be called for by the Beckley carrier.

"Stay, now," cried the Squire; "now I think of it we will unpack the bag in the brewery, Mary. They have had a fire there all the morning. And it will save making any mess in here. Miss Grace is coming, bless her heart! And she'll give it to me if she finds any dirt."

"But, Sir, if you please, Master Cripps now just is beginning of his pint of ale. And he never hurrieth over that—"

"Well, we don't want Cripps. We only want the bag. Jem will bring it into the brewery, if you want to sit with Cripps. Cripps is tired, I dare say. These young men's legs are not fit for much. Stop—call old Thomas; he's the best, after all. If I want a thing done, I come back to the old folk, after all."

"Well, Sir, I don't think you have any reason to say that. Howsomever, here cometh Mr. Kale. Mr. Kale, if you please, you be wanted."

Presently Thomas Kale, the man who had worked so long in the garden there, followed his master across the court, with the bag of potatoes on his back. The weight was a trifle, of course, being scarcely over half a hundred-weight; but Thomas was too old a hand to make too light of any thing.

"I've knowed the time," he said, setting down the sack on the head of an empty barrel, "when that there weight would have failed, you might say, to crook my little finger. Now, make so bold—do you know the raison?"

"Why, Thomas, we can not expect to be always so young as we were once, you know."

"Naut to do wi' it. Less nor naut. The raison lie all in the vittels, maister; the vittels is fallen from what they was."

"Thomas, you give me no peace with your victuals. You must groan to the cook, not to me, about them. Now cut the cord. Why, what has Cripps been about?"

The bag was made of a stout gray canvas, not so thick as sacking, and as the creases of the neck began to open, under the slackening cord, three or four red stripes were shown, such as are sometimes to be found in the neck of a leather mail-bag when the postmaster has been in a hurry, and dropped his wax too plenteously. But the stripes in these creases were not dry and brittle, as of run sealing-wax, but clammy and damp, as if some thick fluid had oozed from dripping fingers.

"I don't like the look of it," cried the old Squire; "Cripps should be more careful. He has left the bag down at his brother the butcher's. I am sure they never sent it out like this. Not that I am of a squeamish order, but still— Good God! what is this that I see?"

With scarcely time for his cheeks to blanch, or his firm old hands to tremble, Squire Oglander took from the mouth of the sack a coil of long bright golden hair. The brown shade of the potatoes beneath it set off its glistening beauty. He knew it at a glance; there was no such hair in all Oxfordshire but his Gracie's. A piece of paper was roughly twisted in and out the shining wreath. This he spread in the hollow of his palm, and then put on his spectacles, and read by the waning light these words, "All you will ever see of her."

CHAPTER IV.

CRIPPS IN A QUANDARY.

WORTH OGLANDER, now in his seventieth year, although he might be a trifle fat, was a truly hale and active man. His limbs were as sound as his conscience, and he was well content with his life and age. He had seen a good deal of the world

and of enemies in the stirring times of war. But no wrong lay in the bottom of his heart, no harm ever done to any one, except that he had killed a few Frenchmen, perhaps, as all Englishmen used to be forced to do.

Moreover, he had what most folk now, of the very best kind, have almost outlived, a stanch and steadfast faith in the management of the world by its Maker. We are too clever now for all this, of course. But it must be allowed that this fine old faith bred courage, truth, and comfort.

"Whoever has played this trick with me," said the Squire, as soon as he recovered himself, "is, to say the least of it, a blackguard. Even for a Christmas joke, it is carrying things a great deal too far. I have played, and been played, many practical jokes when there was nothing else to do; in winter-quarters, and such like. But this is beyond— Thomas, run and fetch Cripps. I will get to the bottom of this, I am resolved."

In a minute or two Master Cripps came in. His face was a little flushed, from the power of the compliments paid to Mary, but his eyes were quite firm, and his breeches and gaiters strictly under discipline of the legs inside them.

"Servant, Sir," he said, touching his forelock, nearly of the color of clover hay; "all correct, I hope, Squire, safe and sound and in good condition. That's how I deliver all goods, barring the will of the A'mighty."

"Tell me the meaning of this." As he spoke Mr. Oglander held up the bright wreath of hair, and pointed to the red stains on the sack. Cripps, as behooved a slow-minded man, stared at the hair, and the bag, and the Squire, the roof of the brewery, and all the tubs; and then began feeling in his hat for orders.

"Cripps, are you dumb; are you tipsy; or what? Or are you too much ashamed of yourself?"

"I ain't done nort for to be ashamed of—me, nor my father avoore me."

"Then will you tell me what this means? Are you going to keep me all night, for God's sake?"

"Squire, I never, I never see'd 'un. I know no more than a sto-un. I know no more than the dead, I do."

"Where did you get the bag? Was it like this? Who gave it to you? Have you let it out of sight? Did you see any body come near it?"

"Squire, I can't tell 'ee such a many things. They heft up the barg to me at the Black Horse, where the bargs is alwas left for you. I took no heed of 'un, out of common. And no one have a titched him since but me."

There was nothing more to be learned from Cripps, except that he passed the Black Horse that day a little earlier than usual, and had not brought his sister Esther, who was to have met him at the Golden Cross. He had come home by way of Elsfield, having something to deliver there, and had given a lift to old Shepherd Wakeling; but that could have naught to do with it.

It was now getting dark, and the Squire every moment grew more and more uneasy. "Keep all this nonsense to yourself, now, Cripps," he said, as he stowed the bag under a tub, and carefully covered his daughter's hair and the piece of paper with a straining sieve; "it might annoy me very much if this joke went any further, you know. I can trust Thomas to hold his tongue, and I hope I can trust you, neighbor Cripps."

"Your honor knoweth what I be," answered the loyal carrier. "Ever since I were a boy—but there, they all knows what I be."

Master Cripps, with his brain "a good piece doiled," as he afterward said of it, made his way back to the cart, and mounted in his special manner. Although he was only twoscore years of age, he had so much rheumatism in his right knee—whether it sprang from the mud, or the ruts, or (as he believed) from the turnpike gates—that he was bound to get up in this way. First he looked well up and down the lane, to be sure there was no other cart in sight, then he said "whoa-hoa" to Dobbin (who was always quite ready to receive that advice), and then he put his left foot on the little step, and made sure that it was quite steady. Throwing his weight on that foot, he laid hold of the crupper with his right hand, and placed his stiff knee on the flat of the shaft, never without a groan or two. At this stage he rested, to collect his powers; and then with decisive action flung his left foot upon the foot-board, and casting the weight of his body thither, came down on the seat with a thump and rattle. He was now all right, and Dobbin felt it, and acknowledged the fact with a grateful grunt. Then Carrier Cripps took up the reins, and made a little flourish with his brass-bound whip, and Dobbin put up his head, and started with his most convenient foot.

"I dunno what to make of this here start," said Cripps to himself, and his horse and cart, as soon as he had smitten his broad chest long enough to arouse circulation. "Seemeth to me a queer thing truly. But I never were a hand at a riddle. Wugg then, Dobbin! Wun'not go home to-night?"

CHAPTER V.

A RIDE THROUGH THE SNOW.

MEANWHILE the old Squire, with a troubled mind, kept talking and walking about, and listening for the rumble of his sister's carriage, the clank of horses' hoofs, and the ring of wheels upon the frozen road. He could not believe that any one in the world would hurt his darling Gracie. Every body loved her so, and the whole parish was so fond of her, and she had such a way of easing every one's perplexities, that if any villain durst even think of touching a hair of her blessed head—yet whose hair was it?—whose hair was it? And such a quantity as never could have been cut with her consent!

"This is too much! I can not bear it!" he said to himself, after many a turn and anxious search of the distance; "Joan's carriage should have been here long ago. My darling would have made them keep their time. I can not stop here: I must go to meet them. But I need not startle any one."

To provide for this, he just looked in at the kitchen door, and told the old cook to keep the dinner back a while; for the roads were so bad that the ladies were almost sure to be behind their time; and then he went quietly to the stable, where the horses were bedded down, and by the light of an old horn lantern saddled and bridled his favorite hack.

Heavy snow clouds had been gathering all the afternoon; and now as he passed through a side gate into the lane, and turned his mare's head eastward, the forward flakes were borne by the sharp wind into his white whiskers. "We shall have a coarse night of it, I doubt," he said to himself, as he buttoned his coat. At every turn of the lane he hoped to meet his sister's chariot laboring up the slippery track with the coal-black horses gray with snow, and somebody well wrapped up inside to make him laugh at his childish fears. But corner after corner he turned, and met no carriage, no cart, no horse, nor even so much as a man afoot; only the snow getting thicker and sharper, and the wind beginning to wail to it. The ruts of the lane grew more distinct as their combs of frozen mud attracted and held the driving whiteness; and the frogs of heavy cart-horses might be traced by the hoary increment. Then in three or four minutes a silvery grayness (cast by the brown face of the roadway underlying the skin of snow) glistened between steep hedge-rows wherein the depth of darkness rested. Soon even these showed traitor members, and began to hang the white feather forth, where drooping spray or jutting thicket stopped the course of the laden air. Every hoof of the horse fell softer than it had fallen the step before, and the old man stooped to heed his reins as his hoary eyebrows crusted.

Fear struck colder to his heart than frost, as he turned the last corner of his way without meeting presence or token of his sister or darling daughter. In the deepening snow he drew his horse up under the two great yew-trees that overhung his sister's gate, and fumbled in the dark for the handle. The close heavy gates were locked and barred, and nothing had lately passed through them. Then he hoped that the weather might have stopped the carriage, and he tugged out the heavy bronze lion's head in the pillar, which was the bell-pull. The bell in the porch of the house clanged deeply, and the mastiff heavily bayed at him; but he had to make the bell clang thrice before any servant answered it.

"Who be you there?" at last a gruff voice asked, without stretch of courtesy. "This sort of weather, come ringing like that! If 'ee say much more, I'll let the big dog loose."

"Open the gate, you young oaf!" cried the Squire. "I suppose you are one of the new lot, eh? Not to know me, Worth Oglander!"

"Why couldn't you have said so, then?" the surly fellow answered, as he slowly opened one leaf of the gate, sweeping a fringe of snow back.

"Such a fellow wouldn't be with me half a day. Are you too big for your work, Sir? Run on before me, you pie crust in pumps, or you shall taste my whip, Sir."

The footman, for once in his life, took his feet up, and ran in a bluster of rage and terror to the front-door, which he had left wide open to secure a retreat from violence. Mr. Oglander struck his mare, and she started so that he scarcely pulled her head up under the coigne of his sister's porch.

"What is all this, I would beg to know? If you think to frighten me, you are mistaken. Oh, Worth is it? Worth, whatever do you mean by making such a commotion?"

Three or four frightened maids were peeping, safe in the gloom of the entrance hall, while the lady of the house came forward bravely in the lamp-light.

"I will speak to you presently, Joan," said the Squire, as he vainly searched, with a falling heart, for some dear face behind her. "Here, Bob, I know you at any rate; take the old mare to the stable."

Then, with a sign to his sister, he followed her softly into the dining-room. At a glance he saw that she had dined alone, and he fell into a chair, and could not speak.

"Have you brought back the stockings? Why, how ill you look? The cold has been too much for you, brother. You should not have come out. What was Grace doing to let—"

"Where is my daughter Grace?"

"Your daughter Grace! My niece Grace! Why, at home in her father's house, to be sure! Worth, are your wits wandering?"

"When did Grace leave you?"

"At two o'clock yesterday. How can you ask, when you sent in such hot haste for her? You might be quite sure that she would not linger. I thought it rather—let me tell you—"

"I never sent for Grace. I have not seen her."

Mrs. Fermitage looked at her brother steadily, with one hand fencing her forehead. She knew that he was of no drunken kind—yet once in a way a man might take too much—especially in such weather. But he answered her gaze with such eyes that she came up to him and began to tremble.

"I tell you, Joan, I never sent for Grace. If you don't know where she is—none but God knows."

"I have told you all," his sister answered, catching her breath at every word almost—"a letter came from you, overruling the whole of our arrangement; you were not ill, but you wanted her for some particular purpose. She was to walk, and you would meet her; and walk she did, poor darling. And I was so hurt that I would not send—"

"You let her go, Joan! You let her go! It was a piece of your proud temper. Her death lies at your door. And so will mine."

Mr. Oglander was very sorry as soon as he had spoken thus unjustly; but the deep pang of the heart devoured any qualms of conscience.

"Are you sure that you let her go? Are you sure that she is not in this house now?" he cried, coming up to his sister, and taking both hands to be sure of her; "she must be here. And you are joking with me."

"Worth, she left this house at two o'clock by that time-piece yesterday, instead of to-day, as we meant to do. She would not let any one go with her, because you were coming down the hill to meet her. Not expecting to go home that day, she had a pair of my silk stockings on, because—well, I need not go into that—and knowing what a darling little fidget she is, I thought she had sent you back with them, and to make your peace for so flurrying me."

"Have you nothing more to tell me, Joan? I shall go mad while you dwell on your stockings. Who brought that letter? What is become of it? Did you see it? Can you think of any thing? Oh, Joan, you women are so quick-witted! Surely you can think of something."

Mrs. Fermitage knew what her brother meant; but no sign would she show of it. The Squire was thinking of a little touch of something that might have grown up into love; if Grace had not been so shy about it, and so full of doubts as to what she ought to do. Her aunt had been anxious to help this forward; but not for the world to speak of it.

"Concerning the letter, I only just saw it. I was up—well, well, I mean, I happened to have something to do in my own room then. The dear creature knocked at my door, and I could not let her in at the moment—"

"You were doing your wig—well, well, go on."

"I was doing nothing of the kind—your anxiety need not make you rude, Worth. However, she put the letter under the door, and I saw that it was your handwriting, and so urgent that I was quite flurried, and she was off in two minutes, without my even kissing her. Oh, poor dear! My little dear! She said good-by through the key-hole, and could not wait for me even to kiss her!"

At this thought the elderly lady broke down, and could for the moment do nothing but sob.

"Dear heart! dear heart!" cried the Squire, who was deeply attached to his sister; "don't take on so, my dear good Joan. We know of no harm as yet—that is"—for he thought of the coil of hair, but with strong effort forbore to speak of it—"nothing I mean in any way positive or disastrous. She may have, you know—she may have taken it into her head to—to leave us for a while, Joan."

"To run away! To elope! Not she. She is the last girl in the world to do it. Whatever may have happened, she has not done that. You ought to know better than that, Worth."

"Perhaps I do; I have no more time to talk of that, or any other thing. I shall hurry into Oxford, and see John Smith, and let every body know of it. What do I care what people think? Send a man on horseback to Beckley at once. Have you any man worth a pinch of salt? You are always changing so."

"I can not keep cripples or sots, dear brother. Take any one you please of them."

"Any one who will deign to come, you should say. Deep snow tries the mettle of new-comes."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PUBLIC OF THE "PUBLIC."

MEANWHILE Esther Cripps, who perhaps could have thrown some light on this strange affair, was very uneasy in her mind. She had not heard, of course, as yet that Grace Oglander was missing. But she could not get rid of the fright she had felt, and the dread of some dark secret. Her sister-in-law was in such a condition that she must not be told of it; and as for her brother Exodus, it would be worse than useless to speak to him. He had taken it into his head, ever since that business with the "college gent," that his sister was not "right-minded"—that she dreamed things and imagined things, and that any thing she liked to say should be listened to and thought no more of. And Baker Cripps was one of those men from whose minds no hydraulic power can lift an idea—laid once, laid forever.

Esther had no one to tell her tale to. She longed to be home at Beckley; but there had been such symptoms with the baker's wife that a woman of the largest experience to be found in Oxford declared that there was another coming. This was not so. But still (as all the women said) it might have been; and where was the man to lay down the law to them that had been through it?

The whole of this was made quite right in the end, and every body satisfied; but it prevented poor Esther from going to the Golden Cross, as she should have done; and the carrier (having a little tiff with his brother about a sack of meal as long ago as Michaelmas) left him to bake his own bread, and would rather drive over his dinner than dine with him.

The days of the week are hard to follow, as every body must have long found out; but still, from Tuesday to Saturday is a considerable time to think of. Master Cripps had two carrying days, two great days of long voyaging. Not that he refrained from coasting here and there about the parish, or up and down a lane or two, on days of briefer enterprise, or refused to take some washings round; for he was not the man to be ashamed of earning sixpence honorably.

But now such weather had set in that even Cripps, with his active turn and pride in his honest calling, was forced to stay at home and boil the bones the butcher sent him, and nurse his stiff knee, and smoke his pipe, and go no further than his bed of hardy kale or Dobbin's stable. Except that when the sun went down—if it ever got up, for aught he knew—his social instincts so awoke that he managed to go to the corner of the lane, where the blacksmith kept the public-house. This was a most respectable house, frequented very quietly. Master Cripps, from his intercourse with the world, and leading position in Beckley, as well as his pleasant way of letting other people talk, and nodding when their words were wisdom—Cripps had long been accepted as the oracle; and he liked it.

Even there, in his brightest moments, when he smoked his pipe and thought, leaving emptier folk to waste the income of their brain in words, and even when he had been roused up to settle some vast question by a brief emphatic utterance, his satisfaction was now alloyed. Not from any threat of rival wisdom—that was hopeless—but from the universal call for a guiding judgment from him. The whole of Beckley village now was more upset than had been known for thirty years and upward. Ever since Napoleon had been expected to encamp at Carfax, and all the University went into white gaiters against him, there had been no such stir of parochial mind as now was heaving. Cripps could remember the former movement, and how his father had lost wisdom by saying that nothing would come of it—whereas the greatest things came of it: the tailor was bankrupt by making breeches which the government would not pay for; the publican bought a horse and defied his brewer on the strength of it; and the parish clerk limped for the rest of his life through the loss of two toes when tipsy—therefore Zachary Cripps was now determined to hide his opinion.

When the mind is in this uncertain state, it fails of receiving that consideration which it is slowly exerting. If Cripps had stood up and rashly spoken, he must have carried all before him; whereas now he felt, and was grieved to feel, that shallow fellows were taking his place, by dint of decisive ignorance. This Friday evening every body who had teeth to face the arrowy wind came into the Dusty Anvil well laden with enormous rumors.

Phil Hiss, the blacksmith, had a daughter, who served him as a bar-maid, Amelia, or Mealy Hiss, a year or two older than Miss Oglander, and in the simple country fashion (setting birth and rank aside) a true ally and favorite. Now some old woman in Beckley had said, as long ago as yesterday, that she could not believe but what Mealy Hiss, who dressed herself so outrageous, knew a deal more than she dared speak out concerning that wonderful unked thing about the Squire's daughter. For her part, this old woman was sure that a young man lay at the bottom of it. Them good young ladies that went to the school and made up soup and such like was not a bit better than the rest of us; and if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, pitchforks wouldn't choke them. She would say no more, it was no concern of hers; and every body knew what she was. But as sure as her copper burst that morning, something would come out ere long. And Mealy would be at the bottom of it.

Miss Amelia Hiss, before she lit her two tallow-candles—which never was allowed to be done till a quart of beer had been called for—knew right well that all her wits must be brought into use that evening. A young man who had a liking for her, which she was beginning to think about, came in before his time to tell her all that Gammer Gurdon said. Wherefore she put on her new neck ribbon (believed to have come express from London), and her agate brooch, and other most imposing properties. With the confidence of all these she drew the ale and kept her distance.

For an hour or so these tactics answered. Young men, old men, and good women (who came, of course, for their husbands' sakes) soberly took their little drop of beer, nodded to one another, and said little. Pressure lay on heart and mind, and nature's safety-valve, the tongue, was sat upon by prudence. But this, of course, could not last long. Little jerkings of short questions broke the crust of silence; lips from blowing froth of beer began to relax their grimness; eyelids that had drooped went up, and winks grew into friendly gaze; and every body began to beg every body's pardon less. The genial power of good ale and the presence of old friends were working on the solid English hearts, and every man was ready for his neighbor to say something.

Hiss, the blacksmith and the landlord, felt that on his heavy shoulders lay the duty of promoting warmth and cordiality. He sat without a coat, as usual, and his woolsey sleeves rolled back displayed the proper might of arm. In one grimy hand he held a pipe, at which he had given the final puff, and in the other a broad-rimmed penny, ready to drop it into the balance of the brass tobacco box, and open it for a fresh supply. First he glanced at the door, to be sure that his daughter Mealy could not hear; for ever since her mother's death he had stood in some awe of Mealy; and then receiving from Zachary Cripps a nod of grave encouragement, he fixed his eyes on him through the smoke, and uttered what all were inditing of.

"I call this a very rum start, I do, about poor Squire's daughter."

The public of the public gazed with admiring approval at him. The sentiment was their own, and he had put it well and briefly. In different ways, according to the state and manner of each of them, they let him know that he was right, and might hold on by what he said. Then Master Hiss grew proud of this, and left it for some other body to bear the weight of thinking out. But even before his broad forefinger had quite finished with his pipe, and pressed the crown of fuel flat, a man of no particular wisdom, and without much money, could not check a weak desire to say something striking. His name was Batts, and he kept a shop, and many things in it which he

could not sell. Before he spoke, he took precautions to secure an audience, by standing up and rapping the table with the heel of his half-pint mug. "Hear! hear!" cried some young fellow; and Batts was afraid that he had gone too far.

"Gentlemen," said Grocer Batts, the very same man who had threatened to put his son into the carrying line, "I bows, in course, to superior wisdom, and them as is always to and fro. But every man must think his thoughts, right or wrong, and speak them out, and not be afeared of no one. And my mind is that in this here business we be all of us going to work the wrong way altogether."

As no one had any sense as yet of having gone to work at all in this or any other matter, and several men had made up their minds to be thrown out of work on the Saturday night if the bitter weather lasted, this great speech of Grocer Batts created some confusion.

"Let 'un go to work hisself!" "What do he know about work?" "Altogether wrong! Give me the sawdust for to clear my throat." These and stronger exclamations showed poor Batts that it would have been better for trade if he had held his tongue. He hid his discomfiture in his mug, and made believe to drink, although it had ever so long been empty.

But Carrier Cripps had a generous soul. He did not owe so much as a half-penny piece to Master Batts, neither did he expect to make a single half-penny out of him—quite the contrary, in fact; and yet he came to his rescue.

"Touching what neighbor Batts have said," he began, in his slow and steadfast voice, "it may be neither here nor there; and all of us be liable, in our best of times, to error. But I do believe as he means well, and hath a good deal inside him, and a large family to put up with. He may be right, and all us in the wrong. Time will show, with patience. I have knowed so many things as looked at first unlikely come true as Gospel in the end, and so many things I were sure of turn out quite contrairy, that whenever a man hath aught to say I likes to hearken to him. There, now, I ha'n't no more to say, and I leave you to make the best of it."

Zachary rose, for his time was up; he saw that hot words might ensue, and he detested brawling. Moreover, although he did not always keep strict time with his horse and cart, no man among the living could be more punctual to his pillow. With kind "good-nights" from all, he passed, and left the smoky scene behind. As he stopped at the bar to say good-by and to pay his score to Amelia, for whom he had a liking, a short, quick, rosy man came in, shaking snow from his boots, and seeming to have lost his way that night. By the light from the bar the carrier knew him, and was about to speak to him, but received a sign to hold his tongue and pass on without notice. Clumsily enough he did as he was bidden, and went forth, puzzled in his homely pate by this new piece of mystery.

For the man who passed him was John Smith, not as yet well known, but held by all who had experience of him to be the shrewdest man in Oxford. This man quietly went into the sanded parlor, and took his glass, and showed good manners to the company. They set him down as a wayfarer, but a pleasant one, and well to do; and as words began to kindle with the friction of opinions, he listened to all that was said, but did not presume to side with any one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ALL YOU WILL EVER SEE OF HER."

"I CALL THIS A VERY RUM START, I DO, ABOUT POOR SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER."

CROMWELL'S STATUE.

A fine statue of Oliver Cromwell, of which we give an illustration on this page, was recently erected in Manchester, the English stronghold of Puritan feeling. The site chosen for the memorial of the great leader of the Ironsides is singularly appropriate, being the very spot where the first man killed in the Parliamentary war is said to have fallen. The statue, cast in bronze from a model by the well-known sculptor Mr. Noble, stands nine feet high, and the likeness is the result of the sculptor's study of the celebrated mask, Lord De Grey's miniature, and the bust at the Reform Club. The face is striking and characteristic. Cromwell is dressed in a sleeveless buff coat, jack-boots, and leather gloves, his arms and legs protected by chain-mail, and his chest by a steel breastplate. The head is uncovered, the Protector's hat lying at his feet. The attitude and expression are bold. The statue stands on a pedestal of rough-hewn granite, and bears the inscription, "Oliver Cromwell," the dates of his birth and death, and the words, "The gift of Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood to the citizens of Manchester, 1875." The cost of the pedestal and statue was £1600.

Among the guests who were invited to the unveiling ceremony was Mr. Carlyle, who unfortunately was unable to attend. Nothing, however, could have been more pleasing to the great author than this grand public testimony to the fame of that name which he has done so much to rescue from the attacks of ignorant calumny. Truth owes more to the studious toil of this great philosopher than we are almost at first prepared to admit, and the memory of Oliver Cromwell might even now have been covered with many a remnant of the veil of falsehood had it not been for the honest faith of Thomas Carlyle.

STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

THE FISK UNIVERSITY.

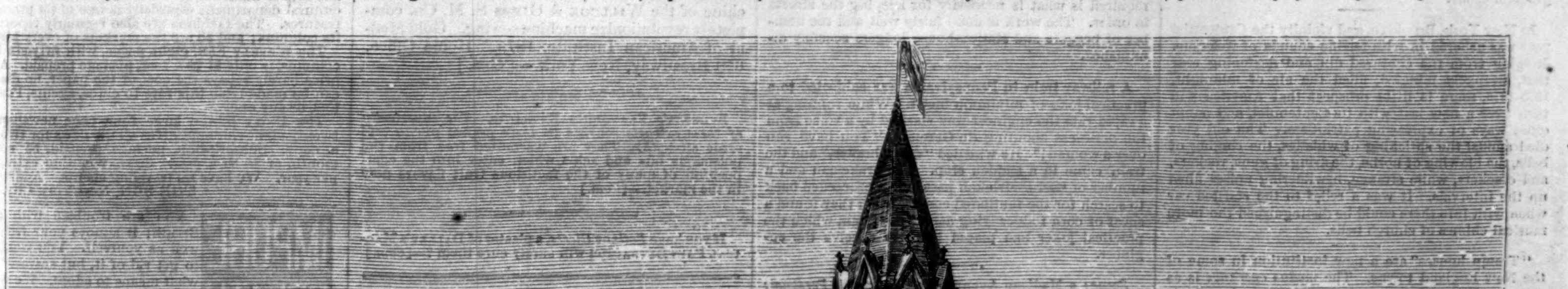
The new building of the Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee, named in honor of General Clinton B. Fisk, was formally dedicated on the 1st inst., in the presence of a large assemblage of people, white and black. Governor Porter and other State officials, Bishop M'Tyeire, of the Methodist Church South, and quite a number of clergymen and educators were present. General Fisk, who is president of the Board of Directors, presided and made the opening address, which embodied an earnest plea for cordial relations between the races, for the education and elevation of the colored people, and for the cultivation of a liberal and patriotic feeling every where. Abounding as it did in generous sentiments toward the Southern people, and urging that "the dead past bury its dead," it elicited the warmest commendation. Governor Porter, Bishop M'Tyeire, ex-Commissioner Smith, president of the Howard University, and others also made addresses.

The history of this institution is quite interesting. It grew from a school for colored persons opened in January, 1866. General Fisk was then chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, and as he took great interest in the new enterprise, it was called by his name. The school was under the management of Professor Ogden, a prominent educator of the West, now of Ohio, who, during his two years in office, instructed over 1200 pupils annually. In August, 1867, the school was chartered as a university. The academic and normal departments were added. About this time General O. O. Howard, of the Freedmen's Bureau, donated $7000 to the school, thus rendering it advisable to incorporate it and provide it with a board of trustees. This work performed, a boarding department was, for the first time, opened in connection with the school, in order that the students might be under good home influences. The most beneficial effects resulted from this arrangement, and its influence upon the manners, morals, and habits of those availing themselves of the privileges has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of those who introduced the new feature.

A prominent part of the work of Fisk University has been the education of teachers for the public schools of the Southern States. Since 1872 it has sent out over a hundred teachers every year, whose work has been of the most important character. The university, besides bookkeeping, instrumental and vocal music, has thoroughly organized courses, normal, higher normal, college preparatory, and college, and also a class in the first year in theology. It has already graduated one class from the higher normal and one from the college course. The State of Tennessee provides free schools for all her children; and it can but be the desire of every good citizen to see these as good as they can possibly be made, which end can only be attained through efficiency. And in the other case—the education of ministers—there is nothing so important for every interest of the State as that its ministers of the Gospel be intelligent and well prepared to instruct and guide the people in sacred things.

The new building, designed by Mr. S. D. Hatch, of this city, cost about $120,000, nearly all of which was raised by the Jubilee Singers, in honor of whom the structure has received the appropriate name of Jubilee Hall. It is a handsome and commodious brick building, six stories high, including basement and sub-basement, and is complete in all modern improvements. The dining-hall will seat 300. The dormitories will accommodate about 170 students. The finish, external and internal, is substantial and ornate. Each sleeping-room, besides closets, has a bureau, wash-stand, bed, mirror, and chairs. Forty of these rooms were furnished by friends in Great Britain, and a like number by friends in this country. All the furniture is made of walnut. Through the efforts of Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk the front hall is furnished with wood from Africa. The friends in England donated philosophical apparatus valued at about $1200. A library fund was raised by Isaac Dickerson, of the Jubilee Singers, while in Great Britain, of over $1000. Many gifts of books and articles for the museum have been made on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Jubilee Singers have turned the eyes of the Christian public both in the United States and Great Britain to Fisk University as the source of supply for missionaries and teachers for Central Africa. Indeed, in the work of elevating the colored people of America and of Christianizing the millions of Africa, Fisk University promises to play an important part.



THE FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

WITH THE TIDE.

WAVE by wave o'er the sandy bar,
Up to the coast lights, glimmering wan,
Out of the darkness, deep and far,
Slowly the tide came creeping on.
Through the clamor of billowy strife
Another voice went wailing thin:
The first faint cry of a new-born life
Broke on the night—and the tide was in.

Wave by wave o'er the sandy bar,
Back again from the sleeping town,
Back to the darkness, deep and far,
Slowly the tide went dropping down.
Silence lay on the chamber of death;
Silence lay on the land about:
The last low flutter of weary breath
Fell on the night—and the tide was out.

LEADING THE BLIND.

IT would be as easy to catch a weasel asleep as to catch a Flemish woman idle. Young and old, they are always at work; and when there is neither household nor ordinary work to do, they always have the knitting to fall back upon. You see little girls going to and from school, knitting in hand; and even in gay Brussels you may meet in the evening groups of young women coming from the factories, talking, laughing, singing, and all knitting. The picture on our first page is another illustration of this industrious habit. A young woman is leading an old blind woman—her mother, it may be: she goes knitting, while the old woman holds her garment; and the girl will come back alone, but knitting still.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE details which have been revealed concerning the dynamite explosion at Bremerhaven are terrible. There seems no longer any doubt that the infernal machine, whose untimely explosion wrought such deadly ruin, was designed for the destruction of the *Mosel* in mid-ocean. The sickening accounts of the scattered remains of mangled victims at Bremerhaven give some idea of a scene which *might* have occurred with added horrors on the deep waters; and only the report "*missing*" come back to waiting, anxious friends. Even now it is not certainly known how many human beings were blown to atoms in that horrible tragedy—for lacerated limbs and formless masses of flesh were strewn far and wide—but the number killed, missing, and wounded is about two hundred. The wretched plotter of such ruin seems to have been stung with remorse at the sight of the ghastly catastrophe, and shot himself, but lived long enough to reveal his guilt. A cool and deep-laid plan seems to have been made not merely to destroy the *Mosel*, but other vessels; for the maker of the machine states that twenty of a similar kind had been ordered, ostensibly for cutting threads in a silk manufactory in America. Every effort is being made to bring to light the hidden features of this dark, disgraceful crime.

In New York, Brooklyn, and vicinity the Centennial year was ushered in with terrific sounds of welcome. Judging from the confused din and deafening roar that, strangely mingled, filled the air of midnight, 1875-1876, there is little prospect that America will turn over a new leaf with its Centennial, and adopt quiet ways of expressing patriotism. The old year died amidst the shrieking of whistles, the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, the firing of guns, rockets, and crackers, while strange, bewildering noises filled up the intervals. It was a relief to the startled ear when with 1876 there could be distinguished the more musical chimes of church bells.

"Tramp houses" are a new institution in some of the New England towns. The *modus operandi* is as follows: When the tramps present themselves for a night's lodging they are shown into a warm room, and soon after summoned to a substantial supper. Then they are made comfortable through the night around a good fire. In the morning bread and beef soup are freely administered, and then long-handled hammers are given to them, and a quantity of stone is shown them to demolish. It is found that in general they work rapidly, and express themselves satisfied with their treatment.

The *Congregationalist* states that the total expense to Boston of Henry Wilson's funeral was $950, of which $400 was for decorating Faneuil Hall, $258 50 for carriages for the City Council, $157 80 for meals furnished policemen, $41 75 for broken column sent to Natick, and $44 25 for badges, rosettes, etc.

Queen Victoria intends to send twenty pictures of the royal collection to the American Centennial.

From far-off India comes the startling intelligence that the Prince of Wales fired at two elephants, and hit them both.

A German paper, in reminding artists that the entire cost of sending a picture to the Centennial will be but little more than five per centum of its value, says, "Surely this is but a small sum to pay for the great privilege of exhibiting a painting in America, where works of German artists are so highly prized that they bring from one hundred to one hundred and fifty per centum more than they do in Germany."

Before the Prince of Wales went to India the princes of that country were informed that the only gifts he would receive would be trifling ones, coming under the head of the arts and manufactures of their different districts. But it is the custom of the people of India, when on terms of friendship, to lavish presents, although a sort of exchange is expected. The royal prince took out with him sundry elegant gifts to bestow in exchange for what might be offered him—a wise forethought, for he will carry from India valuable treasures. These presents will be the personal property of the Prince of Wales.

A passion for relics is sometimes carried to great lengths. A while ago a traveler visiting a European cathedral was shown by a sacristan, as one of the marvels of the place, a dirty, opaque glass vial. After eying it for some time, the traveler said: "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty."

"Empty!" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

Forrest's home in Philadelphia was recently sold for $98,000. The purchasers intend to convert it into a club-house.

Some confusion of names has arisen in the public journals, and consequently in the public mind. Not long ago an American artist named Stephen Weston Healy was charged with libel, and convicted and imprisoned at Florence. There is another American artist named George W. Healy, a native of Boston, but now in Paris, a successful portrait painter. For several years he was employed by Louis Philippe; afterward he resided in Chicago until he went to Paris. A year ago, on painting a fine portrait of the Pope at Rome, he was knighted by that potentate in the Order of St. Gregory.

The largest organ in the world is in Albert Hall, London.

The Russians are progressing. They meditate connecting St. Petersburg with China by means of a telegraph across Siberia.

The *Japanese Gazette* contains an article purporting to be written by a young Japanese lady who is being educated in America. She suggests certain reforms, which she thinks will favorably affect the entire character of the Japanese nation. These measures are somewhat remarkable for their comprehensiveness and peculiarity: "first, the conversion of the whole population to Christianity; second, an increased importation of scissors; third, a restriction of taxation; and fourth, the introduction of the American custom of wedding breakfasts."

During the continuation of the recent frosty season in France more than 8000 cubic meters of ice were daily extracted from the great lake of the Bois de Boulogne.

One afternoon, not long ago, a melancholy-looking young gentleman ascended the Column Vendôme, in Paris. The sergeant in attendance attempted in vain to dissuade him from so doing; and as he never allows a suspicious person to ascend alone, he secretly sent two soldiers after him, with directions to keep within "grasping" distance. Young monsieur took no notice of them, but stood an hour and a half looking from the tower. Then the soldiers went down to return to their barracks, and the sergeant hurried up to take their place. Near the top he met the young man; and when he had conducted him down, he said, most kindly,

"Now confess, *mon ami*, when you first came you had the intention to throw yourself off the monument?"

"Ah, yes," replied the melancholy gentleman, giving the inevitable shrug; "but, you see, on looking down I noticed those ugly sharp spikes of the railing, and reflected that in falling on them I might hurt myself. *Bonjour, monsieur.*"

The total number of mail-bags purchased and put into service during the last fiscal year was 80,050.

In Cleveland, Ohio, the recent city ordinance for making "tramps" work is very successful. The labor required is what is necessary for keeping the streets in order. The work is done fairly well, and the number of beggars and station-house lodgers sensibly diminished.

A railway train in Pennsylvania was subjected to a practical joke of minimum merit. While running at a rapid rate the engineer was startled by a voice from the darkness shouting (in German), "You have run over a woman!" He whistled "down brakes," and the train came to a sudden stop. The brakeman and a number of horror-stricken passengers proceeded back to search for the mutilated corpse, when they found a sheaf of corn fodder lying across the track, which the practical joker had placed there to deceive the engineer.

Scene: a Madison Avenue car. *Dramatis Personæ:* two little girls, with very pretty dresses and lady-like manners.

"Dolly dear, do you know what I am going to give you for Christmas?"

"Oh, don't tell me," said Dolly; "let it be a surprise."

"Oh, I must tell you, so that we can arrange it all. You know my mamma has a beautiful seal-skin sacque that papa gave her last winter. Well, I am going to get that and take it over to your house and give it to you. Then you must give it to me, and I'll take it back to mamma's room. Then when those horrid Ritchie girls begin to tell about all their presents and things, we can say that we each got a perfectly lovely seal-skin sacque that cost ever so much. Oh, won't they be jealous, though!"

And now it is related that a certain letter-carrier of Hartford fixes his idea of the day's cold by a particular thermometer which he passes early every morning in the line of his duties. Pitying him, the owner of the thermometer regularly on cold days warms up the bulb just as the messenger arrives in sight, and the satisfied wayfarer has not yet been really cold a single morning.

A celebrated aurist once said that no person should put any thing into his ear smaller than his elbow. His object was to impress patients with the danger of using pins and hard substances to cleanse the ear. The drum of the ear is a very delicate membrane, and can not bear rough handling.

Water pails are now made of paper, and are said to be more economical and far more durable than the old-fashioned wooden pails.

About 15,000 bunches of violets are sold a day in Paris. Yet some people fear to wear them, as the violet is regarded as an imperial flower.

A curious paper was recently read by one Mr. Axon before the Manchester (England) Literary Club, giving some account of the smallest books that have been published. He began by reminding his hearers of the assertion of Pliny that the Iliad had been written on a piece of parchment that could be inclosed in a nutshell. A Lacedemonian artist is said to have written in letters of gold two verses inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. Peter Bales, a celebrated writing-master, wrote a copy of the Bible which could be placed in a walnut about the size of a hen's egg. Among small printed books an honorable place is due to *The Bible in Miniature*, printed in 1780. Each page, which measures about one and five-eighth inches, contains twenty-one words, or 105 letters. A still tinier volume is a religious work, *Small Rain upon the Tender Herb.* It measures only a shade over one and one-quarter inches, yet each page holds forty words, or about 140 letters. There is, it appears, a work in existence which is not only small, but without printed matter. It is called *The Worldless Book*, and is made up of ten pages. The first and tenth pages form the covers, the title being printed on the former; the second and third are black, the fourth and fifth red, the sixth and seventh white, and the eighth and ninth "shining gold." This remarkable volume is said to be "a religious allegory devised by some enthusiastic evangelical." It is said that "a book's a book, although there's nothing in it."

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON THE MIND.

GOOD food, a variety and enough to satisfy the demands of the stomach for the time, exercises a prodigious influence on mental operations. A hungry man has no wide range of thought; neither has a glutton. Those are extremes which endanger the physical well-being of the body. Just enough to relish contributes immensely toward that condition of mind essential for the exercise of reason and judgment. When food is imperfectly digested, or not at all, the vital processes are diminished in force, which is shown in direct debility and an enfeebled state of the brain.

Great brain workers are generally great eaters. The blood requires frequent meals from which to elaborate something essential to its full contribution of those elements that sustain the most wonderful organ ever brought under the eye of a naturalist in the conduction of its mysterious functions. Stranger still, the brain quickly uses up the quickened influences conveyed to it in the blood; and if more is not soon supplied, the deficiency is indicated by nervous disturbances and abnormal derangements which food alone can re-establish.

A regular, systematically served diet, of a mixed character, embracing both animal and vegetable materials, proportioned agreeably to the taste of an individual, secures the highest condition of mind for carrying on those studies in literature, science, or art characteristic of the best types of civilized man. Neither savages, barbarians, mendicants in search of a dinner, nor gourmands write books or contribute to the moral progress of mankind.

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THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington; and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and every thing connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.

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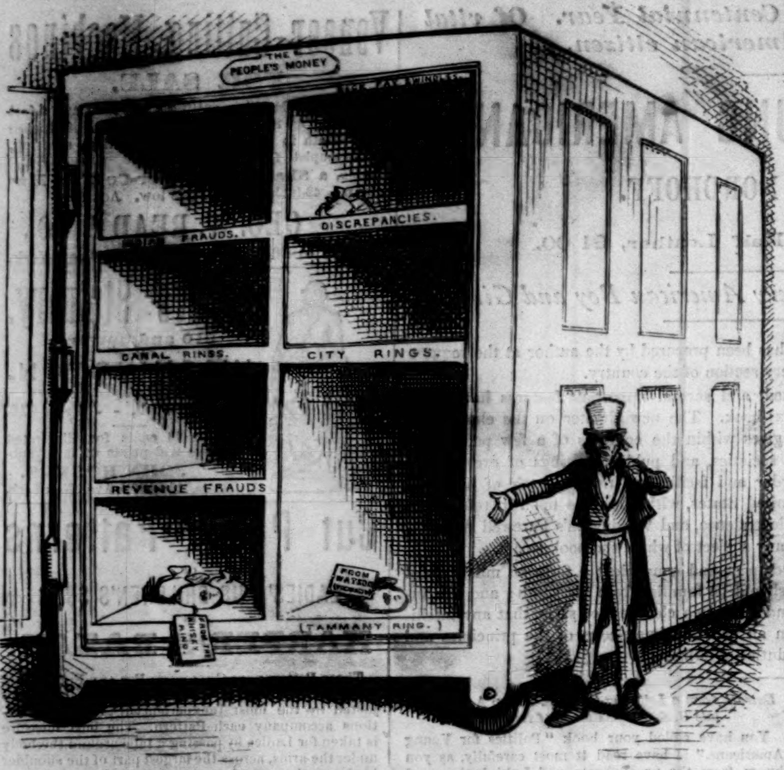

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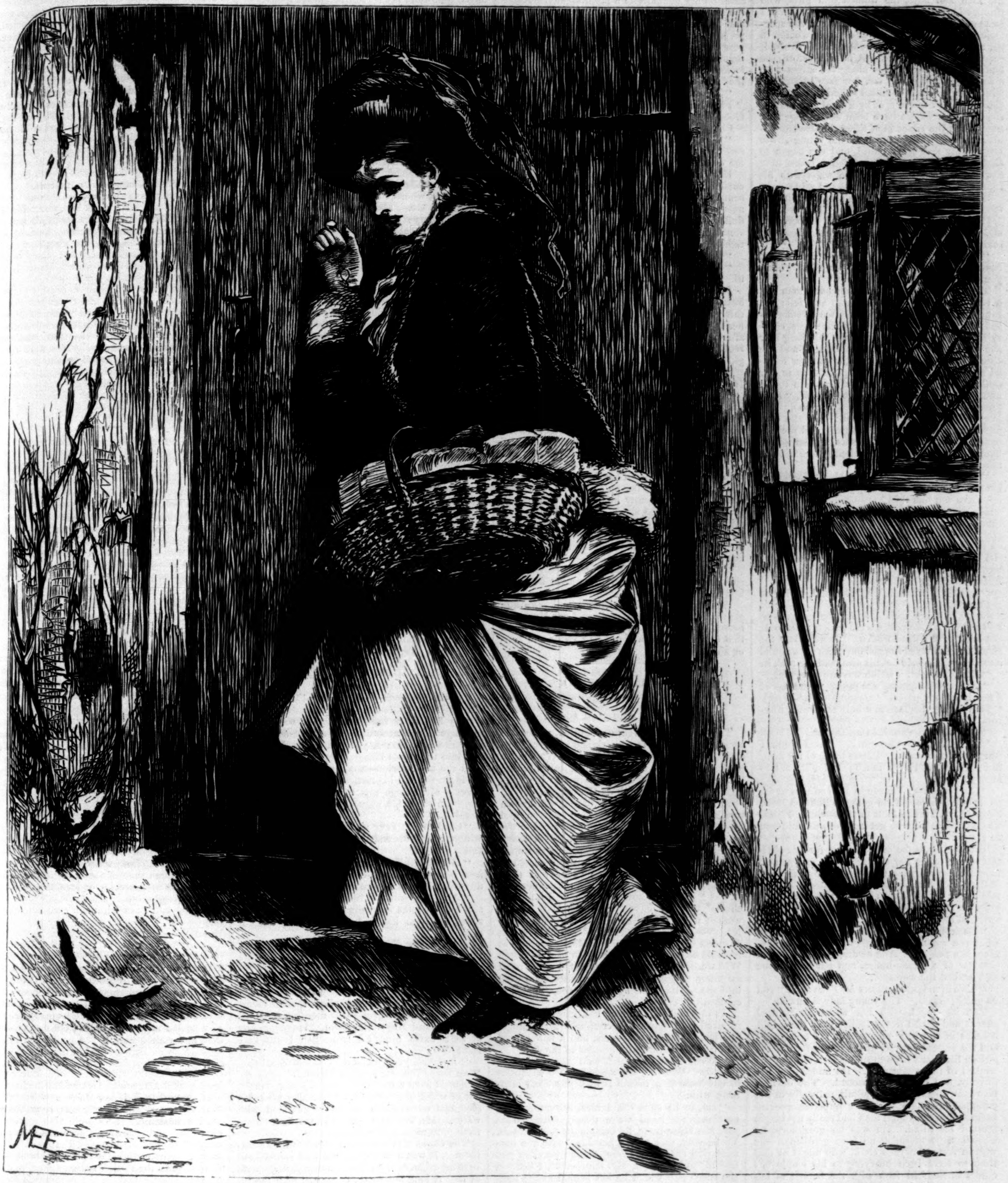

GOOD THINGS FOR THE POOR.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE POOR.

WINTER, with its joyous holidays, its exhilarating sports, and its gay social festivities, brings hard times and want to the homes of the poor, whose sufferings and necessities are too apt to be forgotten by those who know nothing of want except as it is casually brought to their notice; and while our streets are filled with idle mendicants, and the country swarms with worthless tramps who will not work so long as there is a chance of getting food and shelter for nothing, there are hundreds of deserving people in every large community who will not ask for charity until reduced to the very last extremity. A little timely assistance, gifts of food, clothing, or fuel, judiciously distributed among those who are known to be worthy, and who in prosperous times are not only able to provide for themselves, but take an honest pride in being independent, may avert a great deal of distress, with none of the harm which results from indiscriminate alms-giving. Such people have to be sought out. To carry good things to their homes will not be mistaken charity.

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THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.

BY EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.,

AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY," ETC.

Make a chain: for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence.—EZEKIEL.

LINK THE FIRST.

INNOCENCE AND DUTY.

I.—TWO FALLS IN ONE DAY.

ONE February afternoon, just as the yellow, dingy thing in London called light was deepening into absolute darkness, and the gas was beginning to flicker in streets and shops, passengers in St. Martin's Lane, about half-way between St. Martin's Place and the cross-ways, were startled by a shriek which came from a window in the third floor of a house on the east side.

A shrill, harrowing shriek it was, that cut and pierced the dismal air, and seemed to make it quiver as with horror—the shriek, too, of a woman. Those who, hearing it, at once lifted their eyes to the window whence it came, discerned for a moment through the dusk a struggling shadow within the casement, struggling with some unseen hands, struggling only an instant, for the next moment it sprang through the window, with a second shriek more keen and terrible than the first, turned once, struck with its head almost noiselessly on a projecting sill of stone, turned over again, and then dropped head-first with a dull thud on the stone pavement. And there it lay, a bundle of clothes and clay.

Within three feet of the fallen heap, whatever it was, a man who had been reeling up the street, with alternate lunges toward the curb-stone and the houses, and had brought up just then against a door-post, looked down with bleary eyes upon the object so suddenly presented to his gaze.

"W-w-why," he said, "d-d-damn you, w-w-where do you come from, eh? W-w-who's a meaning o' shis? G-g-get out o' the way, will you?"

And, reeling forward, he made an attempt to strike the heap before him with his foot, but, missing his blow, he stumbled over it prone upon his face.

Accustomed though it was to London sights, a thrill of horror ran through the small group that immediately formed on the footway. Hands were stretched out swiftly, and drew the cursing vagabond, with his bleeding nose and forehead, from off the awful heap of humanity that lay there dark and motionless, and he was thrown, with maledictions, on some stone steps not far away.

Then two or three trembling men laid hold of a woman's gown and petticoats, and drew them down decently over a woman's feet, which a glance showed to be covered with gay shoes and stockings. And then they turned over what they knew must be a body, for there were drops spattered about the flags that told their own tale. Ah! the pavement was dinted and split; but what terrific vengeance it had taken on the tender object which had so broken it!

The crowd had now grown large. Among

the men and boys, the women and girls, who thronged together and stood there, with shocked faces and chilled hearts, shuddering at the spectacle I dare not describe, was a young woman in her teens, neatly and rather coquettishly dressed, carrying a milliner's box. A minute before, she had been tripping rapidly along the street with a light step and jaunty air, her face brightened with a smile as she hummed to herself a familiar catch. Glued to the spot by a fatal fascination, she had seen all we have been describing; and now, when the silent men lifted the dead creature, the sight was too much for the young girl to bear. Her face grew pallid, and she began to stagger. As she was about to fall, a young man saw her, caught her round the waist with his right arm—a right strong man—and said:

"Hold up, my dear. Don't look at it any more. Here, I'll lead you out of the crowd."

He succeeded in getting her to a door-step, and fanning her with his hat, she soon began to revive.

"Thank you," she said, trying to smile at her benefactor; "I shall be better presently. Thank you ever so much."

The face she turned up to the young man was a very sweet one. It was plump and full; the round cheek was evidently not often so colorless as it was then. The delicate aquiline nose, cherry lips, and bright blue eyes, the fair long hair she left disporting about her shoulders, and the dainty little hat upon her head, altogether formed a striking picture—such a picture as in our dull city often makes an honest man turn round and, with a kindly wish, say to himself, "How pretty she is!" It was a modest face, too. The long lashes immediately drooped over the eyes under the young man's ardent gaze, and the color began to gather in her cheeks as soon as she knew he was looking at her intently and did not mean to go away.

"You are still seedy," he said. "Come, let me give you an arm and help you along. I dare not leave you like this."

His voice was rather deep and full. His face, though not a handsome one, was open and manly. His eyes were large and brown. They seemed to speak frankness. She thought so, though she hesitated. London streets were familiar to her. She had trodden them unharmed, but she knew something of their perils.

"I think I can manage," she said, trying to get up.

But her knees trembled, for the crowd was still there, and the police were taking notes over the body of the dead woman. It was clear the shock had unnerved the girl too much for so rapid a recovery. He held out his arm, and she took it.

"Now," he said, "which way are you going?"

"To Russell Square," she said. "And there! I nearly left my parcel" (stooping to pick it up). "I am taking this lace to a lady at number fifty-two."

"Ah! then you work in a shop, eh?"

"Yes, Cutter & Chettam's. But I think I can get on alone now. Please let go of my arm, Sir. Thank you very much; I don't want to keep you."

"Oh, nonsense! I mean to see you now as far as Russell Square. I am going to Bedford Row. Suppose you were to faint in the street and some wicked people were to get hold of you, and you so pretty?"

The world was too young to her for this obvious stroke to set her on her guard, and at that moment her attention was diverted by the noise of the crowd coming close behind them. In the midst were the silent men bearing the dark, dread object. It recalled her terror, and she nearly swooned away.

"Look here," said the young man, "I see what you want. You must have some brandy. Here is a public." And he dragged her into the side bar of a public-house, and put her on the seat against the wainscot.

"Two brandy-and-waters *hot!*" he said, "and be quick, please. The young lady is unwell."

The bar-maid, with her withering painted cheeks and garish dress, looked over the bright handles of the beer pumps and the tall bottles and the ranged pewters at the pretty face of the girl on the seat with a meaning leer. Then she winked to the young man. He understood her directly, and his face crimsoned. The devilish idea this woman—let us admit naturally in the circumstances and with her experience—had suggested to the young man had really not before crossed his mind. He was no greenhorn, no Christian, no moralist, no born gentleman—he was, in fact, a lawyer's clerk, who ought at that time to have been hurrying to his employer's offices in Bedford Row with the bundle of letters and papers that made his side pocket bulge so much. At the same time he was not a *roué*.

"Mind your own business, miss," he said to the bar-maid. "A woman has just fallen out of window close by, and this young lady nearly fainted."

"Oh! I see," said the other, handing over two glasses of hot stuff. "One and fourpence, please.—A woman out of window, Mrs. Stingo," she shouted through a small aperture behind her to some one in a back-room. "Another inquest for us, I shouldn't wonder."

"Thank God!" cried a woman's voice.

Other people who had witnessed the catastrophe and found it too much for their feelings now began to pour into the outer bar, and called off the attention of the bar-maid from the young couple. The young man drank his toddy like one who took kindly to it. The girl sipped it slowly. It soon began to revive her. Her blood grew warm, her eyes brightened, her cheeks flushed. She looked more boldly in her companion's face, and her tongue, unloosed, spoke more readily and cordially to him. On his part he was not unaffected by the spirit. His glances at her face became more frequent and direct, and once or twice, in speaking, he placed his hand on her shoulder in a familiar way. Alas! she seemed not to notice it. Seeing she had not half finished her glass, he ordered a second to be prepared for himself. He was forgetting his papers and his master. Her parcel was lying unregarded by her side. At length, as they each looked at the bottoms of their empty tumblers, they spoke of going.

"Thank you," she said, with brightening eyes. "That has made me feel ever so much better. Good-by."

She put out her hand and smiled.

"Good-by?" he said. "Are you going to desert me so soon? How ungrateful you are! Let me walk part of the way with you."

Her face looked rather silly. When they got outside, the street seemed to reel about her. The sounds struck upon her ear with confusing loudness; her eyes saw dimly and strangely in the dull darkness. And her steps—her steps were stumbling and uncertain! She grasped his arm tightly.

"Hallo!" he cried. "You've taken too much."

"Yes. I never took so much before. I feel ill. I can scarcely stand."

It was then that the Devil entered into the heart of Joseph Cray, and whispered to him that this young girl was now in his hands to do with her as he would. And the mind of Joseph Cray, after those two glasses of hot grog, was feeble to repel the insidious hints of the Evil One. The girl clung to his arm, and spoke thickly in his ear:

"You—you're so good. I like you so much. It is so kind of you to help me."

"Look here," he said, laughing. "Do you know you can't stand? You're not fit to walk about the street now. I must take you somewhere where you can rest till you get better. Here, I'll call a cab, and take you to my place."

"Oh, you're so good—so good!" the poor girl cried, putting her arm around his neck, while the maudlin tears ran down her face.

Joseph Cray held her up a moment, and hesitated. She was nearly insensible. The struggle within him was short. That which twenty minutes since he could have bravely withstood he had cast away the power to resist. He called a cab and lifted her in. She lay there now unconscious.

"To Pentonville," said Joseph Cray, as he shut the door: and from that moment he was a lost man.

And, my fair reader, virtuous and pure and gentle, from that day your sister, Lucy Merton—herself fair and pure and sweet and gentle—from that day on forever was to know virtue and honor no more.

LINK THE SECOND.

CITIZENSHIP.

I.—A MOST JUDICIOUS SCENE.

THERE was some slight commotion, noticeable even amidst the everlasting stir and bustle of London, in the vicinity of the "Wetted Whistle," a public-house in St. Martin's Lane, duly licensed by the Middlesex magistrates to retail wine, spirits, and beer, to be drunk on the premises.

From the alleys in the rear of that well-known trysting-place limp, dirty-looking women and drowsy, lousy-looking men had sauntered to the pavement, and there, on the strength of many meetings at the bar, were comparing notes upon the event that had drawn them together. The rumors they exchanged were vague, and their comments of doubtful wisdom and indifferent wit. It was "generally understood in well-informed circles" that an inquest upon the body of the woman who had fallen out of the window of No. —— would be opened at eleven o'clock that morning by the Coroner for Middlesex, and that it would be held in the public room of the Wetted Whistle. The appearance upon the scene of an inspector of police and two privates, who went into the public-house by its side door, tended to confirm this news.

As these officials entered the house, they were received with marked deference by Mrs. Stingo. She had donned a silk dress, and a new cap of bright blue ribbons, all in honor of the day.

"Well, Mrs. Stingo," said the inspector, cheerily "here we are again! Two hinquests in one 'ouse in a month is luck you don't often meet with."

"No, to be sure," said Mrs. Stingo, smiling graciously; "hand we're deeply obligated to *you*, Mr. Hinspector, for bringin' us the business. To be sure, that hother hacciden' with the horange peel (has they *swore*, though between you and me an' the post, Mr. Hinspector, I believes the *lemon peel* which he left behind in the tumbler wen 'e went hout 'ad more to do with it!) 'appened a little nearer the 'Buckle and Feathers' than hit were to us; but, you see, they ha'n't got sich a commojus room for 'olding a hinquest as our public room, let alone the respectability of our 'ouse before theirn. But Big Gill, our bar-man, he measured the distance to the spot where the blood was last night, and this 'ouse is three yards an' a little hover nearer to us than them. So I hold we're by rights hentitled to it."

"So you are, Mrs. Stingo," said the inspector, wiping his mouth significantly with the back of his hand—a movement which, from habitual discipline, was closely copied by the rank and file—"so you are, and your 'ouse, as you say, is the most respectable 'ouse for sich a hinquiry to be 'eld in."

"What 'll you have, gentlemen?" replied the landlady. "They're tryin' work, them hinquests, ain't they?"

"Ah!" replied the functionary, affecting to heave a sigh from his gigantic breast, "it's tryin' to the feelin's o' one's 'art, Mrs. Stingo. Sometimes I gets so nervous I can't skeersely stand."

"Ah! then you'll be better to take a quartern o' gin, won't you? Mariar! three quarterns o' gin for the gentlemen. And see, walk hin 'ere an' 'ave it; nobody won't see you 'ere."

The officer and his men entered the parlor, where, safe from observation, they could, with the aid of the stimulant, string up their shattered nerves to the pitch of the strain they were about to endure.

The bar outside was crowded with persons who had been summoned as jurors or witnesses, and who were preparing themselves in a similar way for the ordeal of the inquiry.

Among these was a man in charge of a policeman. His face was grimy, and showed traces of blood. His head had been bound up with a dirty handkerchief. Over it was perched, in grotesque challenge of the laws of gravitation, a broken hat, whereof the lopsided rakishness was amusing to see. The poor wretch's eyes looked red and bleary: you could scarcely believe such orbits to be capable of sight. His flabby cheeks were pale, his head shook, his hands trembled, he quivered on his legs. Indeed, he seemed so rickety and unbound that a by-stander had compassion on him.

"Hallo," he said, "you look seedy enough, my friend. Is he a witness?"

The policeman nodded. The man drew himself up, and tried to assume a dignified air.

"He looks as if he was breaking up. What 'll you take, old fellow? Come, cheer up!"

In an instant the man was enlivened.

"Gin, Sir," he replied, with a husky voice—"gin; Old Tom, if you please, with a dash of bitters."

His manner and tongue told of better days.

"You're under the weather, I think," said his benefactor, as he handed him the tonic.

The man drained it in a moment, shook his head, drew a few breaths, as if he were recalling the aroma of the delicious lubricant which had passed down his throat, and looked somewhat re-established.

"Ha!" he said, "if I could only have another, I should be set up for the day."

By-stander No. 2 volunteered to supply another, and he was set up for the day.

"E's the 'usband of the diseased," said the policeman, in a confidential under-tone, to By-stander No. 1.

"You don't say so! Good God! What 'll you take?"

Presently a middle-sized and middle-aged gentleman entered the house by the side door. He was portly and rubicund, and, by his appearance, gave no indication of his ghastly office. It was the Coroner—not the present, nor the last, nor any one you, my reader, may have known. Him Mrs. Stingo straightway encountered with her best manners.

"Good-morning, your washup!" she said, courtesying. "Glad to see your washup again. Hevery heffort 'as been made, your washup, to harrange things accordin' to your wishes. It's not quite heleven yet, your washup. Will you step into the parlor?"

In the back parlor—not the bar parlor where the inspector and his men were refreshing themselves—Mr. Stingo was waiting for the Coroner. On the table were decanters, glasses, and biscuits.

"Glad to see your washup again!" said Mr. Stingo, a well-distended host of broad face and flabby cheeks.

"Hem! well," said the gentleman, "the business is not a pleasant one. A serious inquiry, my dear Sir. A serious inquiry."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Stingo. "But then, you see, Sir, hif folks is to die by hacci*dent*, it 'elps along our livin' has well as yours, Sir; don't it now?"

The Coroner did not answer. He was a gentleman, and he had a sensation that his position was not a dignified one at that moment.

"What 'll you take, yer washup?" said Stingo; "port or sherry?"

"Well, let me see," replied the Coroner. "I'm a little out of sorts this morning. Dined with the Lord Mayor last night. Have you any of that 'extra' brandy I had when I was here last?"

"La! yes, your washup," cried Mrs. Stingo; "we keeps that for speshul friends." And she produced from a mahogany case a square bottle, out of which the reviewer of mortality poured a generous dose, which he gently qualified with water. Mr. and Mrs. Stingo joined their visitor from pure motives of courtesy.

The Coroner proceeded up stairs to the Court-room. It was a strange scene, and would have been amusing, separated from the tragical grounds of it. A long low room, decorated with the insignia of a secret society; at the end a dais, in the middle of which was a huge chair of abnormally high and broad back, adorned with curious emblems, and with a tendency to Gothic point. This was flanked by two other chairs of inferior size, but also Gothically and emblematically inclined. Over the large chair was a painting of some mystery, formed by an eye, rays, and other circumstances which I dare not more particularly describe, lest it should seem to some of my good readers that I was profanely quizzing these sacred emblems, whereas I merely wish to indicate that they were there. A sort of altar stood in the corner, evincing the tabernacular and movable character of the services to which the hall was dedicated. A bundle of gilt-headed staves in the other corner seemed to import a harmless addiction to barbaric ceremonies.

The Coroner occupied the great chair of the master, or whatever other eminent officer usually filled it with his august person and more august apron. The jury were arranged on one side. A table, generally devoted to convivial purposes, as its dinted surface proved, was appropriated by the Coroner's clerk and the reporters.

A ghastly service, certainly, to which to put such a place! But there is no end to the variety of uses to which a public-house may be perverted. From the "Goose Club" upward, through every form of union, friendly and benefit societies, amalgamated or otherwise, to farmers' dinners, to Masonic, Druidic, Odd-fellows', and Foresters' lodge meetings, to bar messes, charity balls, or the temporary worship of Dissenters, not to mention political committees at elections and Saturday "free-and-easys," the great room of many a public-house shifts its scenes with all the comic and tragic consequences of a stage. Trysting-places of thousands of good and sober men, there should be written over their doors, alongside of "Licensed to be drunk on the premises," the stern warning of a peculiarly quiet and gentle judge, "Men go into public-houses respectable and respected, and come out felons."

This, then, was the scene in which the Coroner opened his court. His clerk had been refreshing himself at the bar with a mixture of ale and gin. The Coroner's Court, therefore, held in this public-house half full of intoxicating liquor, consisted of the following persons: the Coroner, who had taken brandy-and-water; his clerk, who had taken gin and ale; the inspector of police and his men, who had taken at least a quartern of gin apiece; a foreman and eleven jurymen, of whom the majority had taken "something" once or twice at the bar; and a number of witnesses, nearly all of whom had fortified themselves against errors of memory by doses of spirit; lastly, there was the general public, prepared in the same way to bear the harrowing details of the evidence to be given. Thus it might be said that one chain linked together all these incongruous bodies; or, to change the figure, one spirit possessed them all.

II.—A BRIEF INTERJECTIONAL SHOUT.

Will it ever strike the Legislature that there is something almost hideous in this practice of holding inquests in public-houses? Just consider a moment the indecency of the custom. Perhaps two-thirds of the deaths by violence or of a suspicious nature are caused by drinking the liquors sold at public-houses. And the publican body, which has already made money out of the stuff by which the deceased was killed, is invited to take a second haul out of the ghastly proceedings consequent on its enterprise. The present Coroner for Middlesex, who is not concerned in this recital, would, like many of his predecessors and colleagues, be glad, I doubt not, to see some provision made more conducive to the dignity of his Court and the gravity of its inquiries. To witness this anomaly from year to year and never to heed its impropriety is eminently British; but there are not wanting proofs enough under heaven to show that they may too often mean eminently stupid and brutal.

III.—OF HONORABLE FAMILY.

The proceedings have been formally opened, the jury sworn, and a postponement of the "view" agreed upon until the police had given their evidence, those public guardians were examined.

Their evidence was that, owing to information they had received, they had come to the spot immediately after the "haccident." They had found the deceased quite dead. (Description of her state, and other details not pleasant to publish, for which see the *Morning Register* and other newspapers.) Inquiry had been made at No. ——. It appeared a woman had been living there for some time of the name of Helen Bellhouse; was supposed by the tenants of the house to be "respectable." That the previous afternoon she had been with two gentlemen in the front-room, her parlor—how they got there to be explained afterward—the bedroom being behind. She or they had ordered refreshments (evidence of respectability)—a bottle of sherry, a bottle of Champagne, and a bottle of brandy (further tokens of respectability). The gentlemen, who were unknown to the keeper of the house, had left it unnoticed during the confusion created by the accident. The room showed signs of a scuffle near the window, but was otherwise neat and comfortable. The gentlemen had not been traced. But meanwhile a very important piece of evidence had turned up. Among the deceased's effects were books and letters proving her real name to be Helena Hurlingham, and also a number of letters from a person named Hurlingham, who evidently was, or professed to be, her husband. They were well written and expressed, and indicated a person of superior education, though of degraded character. By an extraordinary chance, the police had been obliged to remove to the station the man who, in a state of drunkenness, had, in the outrageous way before detailed, stumbled over the body of the deceased. In an old pocket-book found upon him his name was written, and there were three or four letters in a woman's handwriting. The name in the pocket-book was Hurlingham. The letters were addressed to "Mr. Hurlingham," and were signed "Helena Hurlingham." They contained answers to claims for money from the man to the writer. One of them was read. It was only a week old.

"HENRY,—I send you the last £10 I have, and the very last you will ever get from me. I borrowed it from a gentleman last night. I have told them at Nibb's* to take in no more letters for me, as I shall never go there again. You need not try to find me out, for I am determined you shall never see me again alive. You want to know where our poor child Celia is. *You hound!* I can scarcely hold my pen for rage and contempt of you. I know why you wish to get hold of her. You would sell her for a night's drinking, and make her, as you tried to make me, the minister of your vice. Oh! I think if you were here, I could stab you, and I warn you to keep out of my way. By God's help, my poor, poor girl shall be honest. Take my advice, and leave her alone. I tell you I have a powerful protector, and he likes me. Good-by.

"HELENA HURLINGHAM."

While the letter was being read, the miserable

* A grocer in Notting Hill.

creature we have described passed through several changes of manner and feeling. He first looked with brazen assurance round the room. When the child's name and the foul aspersion on her father were arrived at, he began to cower and tremble, and then subsided into silent maudlin weeping. This was the man suggested by the police to be the husband of the deceased woman, whose real name was undoubtedly Helena Hurlingham.

After this evidence the man was put forward—certainly a man to look at. I have looked on wrecks by the sea-shore whose very desolation made one shudder. Such a wreck was he. He seemed to be fifty years old, or more; for his face, though flabby, was withered, and his eyes were sunken and his forehead wrinkled. He attempted to steady his trembling head and assume a bold stare, but the effort miserably failed. His coat had been the coat of outward gentlemanliness. It was well cut, and once fitted him well, but it now sat loosely on the palsied limbs. It had but one button on the front; its frayed edges and shining seams and badly mended rents showed how the hard usage of shouldering walls and rolling in the gutter had tried its texture and its gloss. There was no waistcoat beneath the garment—a want which had been partially concealed with the aid of a pin in the two flaps of the coat. The wretched piece of silk which did duty as a neckerchief had long since lost its color, and the glimpse of shirt front which its slovenly ease permitted showed only a yellow, dirty, and ragged apology for linen.

Nevertheless, as the man stood up, strengthened a bit by his cordial, with his hand thrust into his breast, and his eyes fixed as steadily as was convenient upon the Coroner, you saw that he had at some time been used to the dignity of a gentleman. There was a shocking air of fallen fineness about him.

"Who are you?" said the Coroner, briskly.

The man started, and looked an instant indignantly at his querist, as if the sharp address had touched within him some long-lost chord of self-respect.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he replied, with a certain dignity; "are you addressing me?"

The Coroner noticed the tone, and was reproved.

"Yes, Sir," he rejoined. "Will you oblige me with your name?"

"Certainly, Sir," said the other, with a ludicrous air of condescension. "My name, Sir, is Lucius Shafto-Grenville Hurlingham."

"Any relation of Lord Shafto-Grenville, may I ask?"

"Remotely, Sir; very remotely; in fact, as you may observe, too remotely to profit by it."

He waved his left hand in the air. The little finger stuck out as if it had a jeweled ring upon it, but that had long ago become liquescent and gone down his throat.

"May I ask, Sir, are you the husband of the deceased, Helena Hurlingham?"

"I am, or *was*," said Mr. Hurlingham, putting out his dirty hand to emphasize the distinction—"I am, or *was*, the husband, Sir, of a certain Helena Hurlingham; but, as I have not had the pleasure—I—I mean the honor—of seeing the deceased, Sir, I am unable at present to say whether she is my wife or not."

"Ah!—well, then, gentlemen of the jury, this would be a convenient time to view the body, which has been removed to the Marylebone deadhouse."

It was not long before the Coroner, the jury, and several witnesses were standing beside the body of the dead woman, which had been laid out on boards and tressels......The man came forward with a jaunty step and air, his hat on one side, and looked at IT. He, with that countenance so befouled and shameful, yet living; she, with those battered features, still and dead! Face to face with the bruised relics of his early love, with his wronged, neglected, blighted, and alas! sinning love; and she, turning up the ghastly wreck of her beauty toward the man between whom and her there had been wrongs too sad and evil to speak of! For a moment or two he gasped for breath, and caught for support at a by-stander, who shrank away. Then he took off his hat. Then he noticed a slight derangement of her dress, and, with a gentle touch, put it right. Then for an instant he glanced at the left hand, where there still remained that token of so much faithlessness, crime, and sorrow—a wedding-ring. Then he looked at the face again, and, assuming a bolder manner, he put on his hat, and turning to the Coroner, said,

"*Yes, by G—, Sir, that's the woman!*"

The jury turned away. They had seen enough.

LINK THE THIRD.

POSITION AND PROPERTY.

I.—A DOUBTFUL ASPECT.

ON their return to the Wetted Whistle, the Coroner's Court was adjourned for refreshment, and the Coroner took his lunch, while the bar was filled with men whose feelings of sorrow or surprise at the frightful incidents of the case were allayed by anodynes concocted by the barmaid. Mr. Shafto-Grenville Hurlingham was several times treated to a "pick-me-up," until his guardian, the policeman, began to fear that it would end in a set-me-down, and wisely checked the public generosity.

—I own to the simplicity and attractiveness of the process of discharging any claim which we may imagine can be made upon us by some peculiarly attentive railway guard, or cabman, or porter, or the man who brings home to our house from the shop an article we have ordered, or who does a chore or two, or in an unwonted fit of diligence empties our dust bin, or has delivered our coal, or has done nothing—I own to the attractiveness of discharging such a claim by offering the refreshment of a glass of wine or of beer to the object of our benevolence. But did you ever consider what the responsibility of that act is? Some people, who are ashamed to refuse a gratuity, give this because it is cheaper to do so, not caring one jot about the consequences. Perhaps they have never thought of watching a dust-cart down a street, and observing how, as at house after house the men took their toll of beer, they at length grew heavy and unfit for work, if not quarrelsome. The writer has himself seen a well-known philanthropic member of Parliament, in his house at eleven in the morning, hand a glass of wine to a man who, in discharge of his employer's orders, had delivered a tradesman's parcel at the door. You may test for your own satisfaction, if you are not afraid, what this morning stimulant means—a temporary flush, a feverish hour, reaction and thirst, a muddle of the brain—and you will understand how it is that a morning once commenced in this way too often ends in an evening of debauch or of stupid incapacity. At ten o'clock in the morning you will now see the myrmidon of an adjacent ale-house going the round of the rising palaces in South Kensington, and selling beer to the workmen engaged in the buildings. Were I the employer of those men, I would drub that rascal's back until it ached again, for stealing away so early the wits of labor with his illegal peddlery. They see it, and they buy it. It is brought to their work, and held to their mouths. But where are the police and the excise? These morning and complimentary drinks are the day's confusion and the night's damnation. Or their effect may be slower and surer. They may only show their fatal influences when the pulpy and deteriorated frame has to fight the blue-devils who, long a-coming, have seized their prey at last. If you must give a man a gratuity, give him an obolus. Should he spend it in drink, you are acquitted. Or offer him a healthy meal. An he refuse that, you may bid him good-morning with a clear conscience. But your glass of wine or beer may be the fifth or the tenth of such deadly kindnesses, and you have helped to endanger the character, honesty, health—nay, perhaps the life of a man; and God knows that is a heavy burden to accept.

Mr. Hurlingham's appearance, when the inquiry was resumed, showed that influences had been at work within him of an elevating character; but it was demonstrated that he did not succumb to any thing short of extraordinary. When, some eighteen or twenty years since, this man had come back from Oxford, and strode the Park, a strong and beautiful youth, with "hyacinthine" locks, healthy complexion, and a noble frame, well displayed in handsome, fashionable clothes, all women looked at him with kindly eyes. You would never have believed it possible for any influence, however active or malignant, to transform him in the interval into this poor, rickety, foul, trembling, and degraded sot. If you wish to know what power had worked this awful miracle, walk into the next "public," and ask them to set before you an unopened bottle of what they call *Cognac* or *Geneva*, and if you are that way disposed, sit and muse upon the full power of the Genie which is shut up in that crystal flask. If you pull out the cork, it may rise with a horror that obscures the very light of heaven. That was the power that had seized on poor Hurlingham—"Oxford Hurlingham," second best cricketer, athletic, healthy, and fairly virtuous—and changed him, body and soul, into this human ghoul!

II.—MATES UNMATED.

He laid his hat on the table, passed his hand carelessly through his disordered hair, sat down in a half-ashamed, half-defiant attitude on the seat assigned to him, and then, almost instantly changing his temper, brought his unbandaged eye round toward the Coroner, and winked at him. The functionary was anxious to get on, and disregarded this compliment.

"Mr. Hurlingham," he said, "it will be necessary for me to examine you with regard to your relations to the deceased. I do not wish to pry needlessly into your history, which obviously is sad enough, while your condition excites our pity. Perhaps you will tell us who this woman—this lady—was, and when she parted from you? You recognized her just now?"

"Stop, Sir. No more, I beg of you," said the witness, putting his hands over his face, and shuddering. "If you will let me alone, I will tell you as shortly as I can her history and mine; and if there is any young man here," he added, in a familiar formula, "let him take warning from my experience."

—Very bad people have a curious habit, in a flush of maudlin sentiment, of unfolding the details of their wickedness with a feverish candor for the moral benefit of mankind. In reading the confessions which are sometimes addressed to the public from the cell of the condemned, one can not but feel that, to point his moral, the criminal has stretched his recollections beyond their real limits, and painted his misdeeds in the strongest colors. Perhaps there is some solace in penning exaggerations which tend, at all events, to elevate him to eminence in the *rôle* of life which he has played.—

Mr. Hurlingham's story was very simple.

He was Mr. Lucius Shafto-Grenville Hurlingham, son of the late Walter Hurlingham, Esq., of Greystone, in Warwickshire, who, dying before his son came of age, left the latter a fine country property of £4000 a year. Nineteen years since he had married Helena Conistoun, daughter of Lord Newmarket, a woman of great beauty, cleverness, and ambition. He was disposed to country life, she to the pleasures of fashionable society. In time this led to misunderstandings, quarrels, estrangements. He used to leave her in their city house and retire to the country, where his time was spent between hunting and brooding over the disappointment of their marriage. She, on the other hand, keenly resented his indifference, and despised him for his lack of ambition. Heaven had never meant them for one another, and each was too proud to make concessions which have sometimes brought happy community out of ill-assorted unions.

One daughter had come of the marriage, beautiful as her mother, and beloved of both. After a while his wife's extravagant expenditure began seriously to embarrass him. He implored her to retire into the country. When she saw there was no help for it, she went; but she resigned herself only when it was inevitable, and she had already tasted the corroding anxieties of failure and narrow means. But her mortification at their retirement, and his at his embarrassments, found vent in frequent recriminations; and both sought in this crisis of their fate a deadly consoler. He threw himself into the wildest society of the county. She, on her part, went wherever excitement could be found. One day, when she had gone to the races with a party of gentlemen, Mr. Hurlingham entered her boudoir. A key was lying on the table beside a lace handkerchief, evidently forgotten. It was the key of a small cupboard safe. Curiosity led him to open it, and he learned in the same moment that she was as faithless and weak as he. There were the brandy and glass and empty bottles, showing she had contracted no temporary taste, and there also were letters which clearly proved her to have been guilty of worse sins.

One meeting took place, in which those two people owned to each other their mutual wrongs and injuries—one meeting in which, after fierce recrimination, old sympathy revived for a few short minutes, and sorrow melted their hearts almost to repentance. But from that meeting each returned to the consoling stimulant, and hope fled that home forever. Two days afterward Mrs. Hurlingham disappeared with an officer, having placed her child in some retreat which baffled her husband's inquiry.

In the four years that ensued without a meeting, the remnant of his property had gone in gambling and drink, and he passed through that state which is the precursor of vagrancy—living on his friends. From bad to worse, from gentleman to blackguard, from blackguard to cad, from cad to sottish outcast, had that man steadily drunk his way downward, day by day, night by night, possessed by a hot, relentless demon of thirst, to satisfy which he would work while he was able, or borrow, or beg, or steal—through the snaky fires of *delirium tremens*, wrecking the noble frame God had given him, and testing its marvelous tenacity, until it was well-nigh incredible that the machinery of life should hold together, and the trembling fibres obey any instruction of the lethargic soul.

How low he had fallen! One day he met a well-dressed, bright-cheeked, middle-aged woman in the street, still handsome, and stopped her. She had a gentleman with her.

"Helena!"

She slipped a half sovereign into his hand, and turned away from the seedy-looking vagrant. He had taken an alms from his own wife.

He followed her to her "home," and noted it. That evening her ten shillings went down his throat. The next morning he was at her door, forced his way into her rooms, and, between threats and entreaties, knowing the vile profession she was following, he agreed with her, in consideration of a regular payment, to let her alone. For two years he lived thus. One thing he never could ascertain. Where was his child? His wife defied him with imprecations to endeavor to find out. But his cunning had developed with the loss of better intellect. He did find out, and was on the point of reclaiming the girl, for God knows what fate, when her mother's vigilance outwitted him. From that time she had evaded him. He was told to write to a certain tradesman's in Notting Hill, and did so, receiving replies, as we have seen; but the letters were taken away secretly, and he could never discover her whereabouts—never until, lounging against that door-post in St. Martin's Lane, he had looked down upon her dead body and cursed it.

That was the gist of Mr. Hurlingham's evidence, concluded at half past six o'clock; and when it was finished, the inquiry was adjourned.

III.—OFFICIAL AND CENSOR.

The police requested an adjournment for a week, to make inquiries for the two gentlemen who had been in the room with the woman when she took her fatal leap. An adjournment was accordingly agreed upon, and the jury dispersed. I will relate barely, and without comment, a few of the evening's sequences.

Our Coroner, deeply moved by the thrilling disclosures of the day, stretched his arms upward, and felt hungry as he brought them down again, and looked at his watch, a worthy companion of the rotund sphere against which it was wont to beat.

"Past seven o'clock," he said; "and I have not dined."

His inner man, in all its ducts, arteries, veins, and vessels, protested in the name of science against this rare—this anomalous—circumstance. His wife and daughter had obtained for that evening, as he knew, the favor of an order for a free box from some poor manager at one of the theatres—a favor which official loungers and literary men are too apt to look upon as provisions of some beneficent deity—to be enjoyed free of expense. I know not what claim the Coroner for Middlesex had upon the manager of the theatre—unless, indeed, the latter felt that, if things were to go on as they had been going with him, and he continued to fill half his house every night from a free-list of people perfectly able to pay for their amusements, he would, before long, himself need the Coroner's services, and desired therefore to be well entreated of him and his jury. However, our Coroner was well assured that at precisely six o'clock his genial partner and her congenial offspring had seated themselves at table, to the soup, soles, and leg of mutton which had been prognosticated at breakfast-time. In one point, at least, he could always rely upon the affinities. His family never permitted a meal to be spoiled by waiting—a principle of his own, oft quoted and as often enforced. Sticking to this rule, man shall live juicily, and not in vain.

At this moment—I mean the moment when the Coroner's watch had reached the bottom of its fob, and had subsided again, after being raised aloft, as a ship on the heaving billows, by the great sigh which the tender recollection of one more leg of mutton lost forever had aroused—at this moment, I say, the correspondent, reporter, and leader-writer of the *Morning Register* addressed the hesitating official:

"Where are you going to dine?"

"That is just what I don't know, my dear Bugby. This inf—, I mean, this melancholy case has upset all my plans. I was going home to leg of mutton at six, and then we were all booked for the *Sleeping Huntsman*. It's always my luck. People will either die at such inconvenient times, or the inquest will go on at such unreasonable length, that really one's life is hardly worth living."

"I pity you, Coroner. And you only get a thousand a year?"

"Ah! society always underpays its best men! There's the Home Secretary gets five thousand a year; and if man were measured by man, he and I would have to exchange places, though I doubt if he is even fit for this one."

"Well, but—dinner. What do you say to Halford's? The best nook in London. Only up the street. Formerly *chef* to the Governor-General of India. Such curries as England can not equal."

"Enough; I know him well. A place to be cultivated and had in reverence. I never mention it to any one. It is too good a place for common men. How did you get to know of it?"

"Come, I won't stand much of that before dinner. We had better go."

"Yes, we'll go. Good-night, Mr. Stingo—good-night, Mrs. Stingo; we shall meet, I trust, this day week. By-the-way, my good friend, have you any more of that particular brandy? My nerves have been dreadfully tried to-day."

"Certainly, Sir. Will you come into the parlor, Sir? will your friend walk in too, Sir?—Your servant, Sir!"

"Oh, he'll walk in—walk into *Hades* for such stuff as you have there. A most special tipple, my dear Bugby."

The two gentlemen had thus, as they would have expressed it, "taken a tonic," and they departed forthwith for Mr. Halford's restaurant. The dinner was eaten with a zest that did the tonic credit, each consuming a bottle of the good claret there to be had, and at half past nine they were full and comfortable.

"Bugby," said the Coroner, "we have dined well. There is but one thing wanting. Claret, especially claret like this (or rather, to be more exact, like *that* Léoville), judiciously warmed by a loving and appreciative hand, is a good wine, a gift of God—while you are drinking it. But you well know it is of its nature to be deficient of alcohol, of that spirit which excites to natural activity all the tissues, and induces within the stomach that circulation and assimilation—"

"Pray stop, my dear Coroner! I have eaten my dinner, and it is resting comfortably within me, layer upon layer, every interstice filled up with noble wine. Why should you, even in imagination, seek to disturb this peace within me? Let it repose."

"True, my son. It was to this I was coming—*repose*. Repose is the secret of all art (in the *Renaissance* particularly to be desiderated), of architecture, of sculpture, of painting, of decoration, and of dining. It is that I would attain. It must in our case be assured. There is a liquid born of Erin which can assure it. Let us have some punch. Waiter, 'Old Jamieson'—punch for two."

By half past ten, having turned up their third tumblers, the Coroner and the journalist struggled to their feet, and left the restaurant arm in arm. The holder of the ancient and dignified office, recalling the circumstance that his wife and daughter would not be at home at so early an hour, saw no reason for forestalling them. He dropped in at a favorite club, where the evening air was corrected by another whisky punch. I regret to write that it was not until two in the morning that his faithful spouse and eldest daughter aided his undignified ascent to his bedroom, in a condition rather worse than that of his witness of the day before.

As for Mr. Bugby, he was a trained sybarite. When he had refreshed himself with a cup of tea in a Fleet Street haunt, and had again washed his inner man with some brandy and seltzer, he sat down and wrote for the *Morning Register* an article which put the Alliance in ecstasy.

"How appalling," cried the *Morning Register*, on paper, "is the *dénouement* of the dread catastrophe! Beauty, wealth, position, honor, virtue, all undermined by the canker, DRINK—toppling down a whole family in one fell and disastrous swoop.* Out of respect for the noble race whose name has been unfortunately dragged into this inquiry, and of the vast circle of friends and acquaintances, of which the fair, the engaging, the talented Miss Conistoun was so conspicuous an ornament, we forbear from too minute an analysis of the strange facts brought out before the worthy Coroner. Nothing could exceed the delicacy with which he regulated this part of the

* *Sic!*